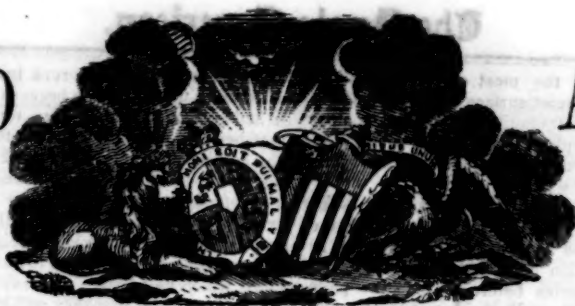


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## ONE HUNDRED SONGS.

By Pierre Jean de Beranger. With Translations by William Young.

These hundred songs, with the original French on one side, and a translation in English on the other, exhibit the spirit of the great "chansonnier" of his day. No one has better illustrated the truth of the old Jacobite's saying, "Let others make the laws, if I may make the songs," than Beranger. Confined in the Force, his winged words flew over France, and shook the throne of Charles X. He fought bravely for freedom of thought, and won the battle. Through the bars of his prison cell he launched shafts fatal to the existence of the Bourbon dynasty. Prosecutions and penal sentences only fired his genius: unconquerable in defeat, and free in confinement, he was, as a prisoner, one of the most popular and powerful men in France.

The hundred songs are well selected, though we miss some of the poet's most characteristic effusions, as "Le Marquis de Carabas," "Mes Jours Gras de 1829," and "Treize a Table." But this attempt to make Beranger better known is creditable to the taste and liberality of Mr. Young. Beranger is unquestionably the most effective song-writer of his own, or perhaps any other, time. The essential spirit of his age and country are embalmed in his verse. One might write from it a history of the events of his day, and gather from it the characteristics of his nation. He has made it a great moving power in the political world, and he seems only to speak the truth when he represents his song as an impulse irresistibly called forth by great events. He has been compared both to Horace and Burns, but he is distinct from both. He has more sentiment than Burns, more vigour than Horace, and more spirituality than either; but then he wants the deep feeling, the passion, and the true-heartedness of the Scot, and the calm amiable philosophy of the Roman. The stoic and the epicurean are mingled in his nature; he loves freedom like Cato, and joy like Anacreon.

Freedom of thought and the black bread of Sparta are dearer to him than servitude and the Falernian wine. The first quality of his verse is its simplicity. His muse wears pure and classic drapery, though all its folds are his own. His plainness of expression agrees perfectly with his republican cast of thought. His natural, unadorned style, compared with the elaborate verse of Moore, shows like the attitude of a Grecian grace beside the pose of an opera-dancer.

It is well observed in the brief preface to this volume that the life of the poet has been described by himself in his songs. He is a child of the Revolution, and has helped to nourish the admiration of the French people for that event with all its tremendous crimes. Born in 1780, his mind was formed by Republican sentiment, and he has retained that scorn of Kings and priests which was prevalent in the days of his youth.

His verses made him known to Lucien Bonaparte in his youth, but he had always to maintain a hard struggle for his existence, as the place given him in the Academy of Paris seems to have brought him less than £100 a year. To this he refers when describing his love of song and the consolation it has been to him:—

"D'une vie incertaine  
Ayant en de l'effroi,  
Je rampe sous le chaine  
Du plus modique aulpiot."

The whole song is indicative of his nature, and is well rendered by Mr. Young:—

### MY VOCATION.

Ugly, weak, in distress,  
Was I thrown on this ball;  
Trodden down in the press,  
Just because I was small.  
To my lips as my sighs  
Will all touchingly spring,  
God in kindness cries,  
"Sing, poor little one, sing!"  
I am splashed by the wheel,  
As Wealth passes in state;  
I the insolence feel  
Of the rich and the great;  
Nothing shelter supplies  
From the scorn that they fling:  
God in kindness cries,  
"Sing, poor little one, sing!"  
Aye in Dread of those pains,  
That the needy must face,  
I am crouching in chains  
To a beggarly place.  
Freedom fondly I prize,  
But to food I must cling:  
God in kindness cries,  
"Sing, poor little one, sing!"  
Love, himself, my distress  
Deigned of old to make light;  
But with youth, I confess,  
He is taking his flight.  
To see Beauty's bright eyes,  
Doth my heart vainly wring:  
God in kindness cries,  
"Sing, poor little one, sing!"

Then to sing, or I'm wrong,  
Here below is my lot:  
All, who smile at my song,  
Will love me—will they not?  
When her charm Friendship plies,  
When delight wine doth bring:  
God in kindness cries,  
"Sing, poor little one, sing!"

His verses on Poland finely express his ardour for liberty. We quote the two last stanzas of this fine composition as rendered by Mr. Young. They will remind the reader of our Campbell:—

Were I one day, one single day, the God,  
Whom Poland supplicates with voice of wail,  
Before the dawn, at my avenging nod,  
The trembling Czar should in his court turn pale.  
How would I love the Poles! despite old saws,  
To strew their path with miracles my care;  
Ah, miracles alone can aid their cause!  
Haste, let us haste! 'tis honour calls us there!  
Haste, let us haste! but oh, my strength how small!  
Hear, King of Heaven, my sad appeal to thee!  
Father of Liberty! their stay, their all,  
Bid me this people's guardian angel be!  
Give to my voice, O God! the trumpet's breath,  
That to the universe I may declare,  
In such loud tones as might awake from death,  
Haste, hasten, ye! 'tis honour calls you there!

Beranger nobly refused the pension offered him by the July Government. The ruling sentiment of his soul is expressed in his song—

### THE REFUSAL.

A pension from the court! the offer came!  
Mine honour needs not shrink, nor need my name  
The *Moniteur* adorn:  
Wants for myself I have but very few;  
Yet when the wretched I recal to view,  
I seem for riches born.

Should poverty or woe afflict a friend,  
Honours and rank we may not give or lend,  
But gold, at least, we share,  
Hurrah for gold! for oft, were I a king,  
Ay! if five hundred francs it would but bring,  
I'd pawn my crown, I swear.

If in my cell a little gold should rain,  
Quick, God knows where, it vanishes again;  
I cannot hold it fast.  
To sew my pockets up, I should have had  
The needles that belonged to my grand-dad,  
When he had breathed his last.

Still, let your gold with you, my friend, abide;  
Freedom, alas! in youth I made my bride,  
A mistress somewhat rude.  
I, who in verse was wont to celebrate  
Beauties, nor few nor coy, must meet my fate,  
In bondage to a prude.

Freedom! your excellency, 'tis a dame,  
Who blindly dotes on honour; and her fame  
Is drunken, mad renown:  
She, if in street or drawing-room she spy  
The smallest morsel of galloon, will cry,  
"Down with the livery! down!"

Your crowns would but her condemnation prove;  
In fact, why should you by a pension move  
My muse, so true and free!  
I am a son without alloy; but throw  
Silver in secret over me, and lo!  
False money I should be.

Keep, keep your gifts, then, for some fears I feel;  
Yet, if too great for me your generous zeal  
Should by the world be found,  
Know well who your betrayer was—my heart,  
Like lute suspended, ever plays its part—  
When touched it will resound.

The spirit, even more than the merit, of Beranger's songs has given them their great popularity. Frenchmen love the memory of their great revolution, and revert to it with pride. The days of July seem tame in comparison with the insurrection of August in 1792, and the massacres of September in 1793. The peaceful rule of the throne of the Barricades is regarded as a poor substitute for the glories of the Republic. The revolution has become an admired epoch in their history. It excites their sensibilities, gives them a consciousness of power, and fills them with a sentiment of the sublime. It is the popular topic of their historians, their poets, and their novelists. Its atrocities are palliated; its villains exalted to heroes. Lamartine yields to the popular impulse, and employs his pen in depicting the amiability and the virtues of



Robespierre's private life, "that life which was the most eloquent of all his discourses." There is fire lurking beneath the quiet surface of French society. What security can be felt in the continuance of tranquillity while the country boasts of the days of the Republic and the Empire? The career of the Revolution has not yet run its course. The Republican institutions and ideas which France has retained under the monarchy will yet bear fruit.

Beranger belongs to the revolutionists in religion as in politics. He makes no secret of his creed. It may be discovered in the phrase, "L'oubli, pere et fils du repos." Admitting his poetic genius, one cannot help a feeling of regret that 1,900 years after the Christian revelation he should be no wiser in his sentiments than the bards who flourished centuries before it; for in his philosophy, spirit, and belief,—if belief can be negative,—Pierre Jean de Beranger is a heathen.

### THE HISTORY OF THE GIRONDINS.

[By M. A. de Lamartine. Vols. I. and II. Paris, Furne.]

The celebrity of M. de Lamartine both as a poet and an orator, and yet more the peculiarities of his political character, have rendered the appearance of his first historical work a matter of great interest in France. That in relating the history of the Girondins—who belong to a period yet very vividly remembered by the French—M. de Lamartine would take a more decided tone than has hitherto marked his political career, and furnish a clearer insight into the nature of his own opinions than had been previously obtained, seems to have been very generally expected. We believe that such expectation is not likely to be justified by the work before us. The author is obviously desirous of not only appearing impartial—but of *being* so. He has not endeavoured to extenuate the faults of the Girondins or exaggerate the crimes and excesses of their antagonists. He belongs to neither Montagne or Gironde. His sympathies are with whatever he finds of good on any side—his contempt is for whatever is mean and evil—and his compassion is for the unfortunate victims of all parties. Sympathies thus enlarged and universal have a relation to his poetical character; and may help to explain why, though an orator, of acknowledged talent and eloquence, the author of "Jocelyn" has never, as a political man, exercised any material influence on his countrymen.

The fate of the Girondins has long been the most interesting episode of the Revolution of '93. The first appearance of the party on the stage of that eventful drama—their glorious dreams and high aspirations—the long and arduous struggle which they maintained with their inflexible antagonists the Jacobins—and above all their fall, so full of dignity and noble despair—have contributed, more than the deeds which they accomplished, and notwithstanding their shallow views and vain theories, to endear their names to posterity. When we look back on the position which they maintained from the beginning of the Revolution to their fall on the memorable 31st of May, 1793, the wonder seems that, with views so much opposed to the real spirit of that Revolution, they continued to hold the position so long. Their number was at all times very limited when compared with that of their antagonists: for even when they seemed to stand on something like an equality, an observant eye might always discern that they were alone, while the people were with the Jacobins. The latter adopted all the passionate prejudices and coarseness of the populace—that they might rule it more effectually. Too practical to dream of stemming or turning the current of the great revolutionary torrent, their study was to be so far in advance that it could not sweep them away. Thus it was that the Jacobins were monarchical in turn. Thus it was that Robespierre in the earlier part of the Revolution proposed to abolish capital punishment;—and who shall venture to say that he was not sincere? In the day of his highest power, he was but the popular instrument; and when he sent his victims to the scaffold he did no more than reflect the image of the public mind that had grown remorseless and cruel, just as he had reflected it when it was magnanimous and noble—when the national spirit was that of a people conscious at once of its strength and of not having as yet abused it.

It was the real greatness of the Girondins that they were far more independent of the people than their antagonists,—but it was also the occasion of their fall. What they conceived, they executed by themselves—reckless of the good or evil which may ensue. They startled Robespierre with the name of a republic when as yet the royal power was scarcely shaken by the revolutionary tempest. They were then as much in advance of the Jacobins as they were behind at a later period. This boldness of theirs, however, was more systematic than real. Their republican principles were far too theoretical to be reduced to practice. Instead of original views adapted to the state of the country, they indulged in vague but eloquent declamations borrowed from the philosophers of the eighteenth century. The democracies of Greece and the Roman republic were kept before them as models for imitation. Their object was less to second the revolutionary movement which was agitating France after her centuries of oppression, than at once to found a French republic—and there stop. They understood neither the situation of France nor the character of their countrymen. Indeed, the great error which the Gironde party committed was that of looking on the French—degraded as they were by the tyranny of ages—as on Greeks or Romans ripe for a free republic. With the wonderful instinct which they displayed in such matters, the Jacobins saw through the delusion of their antagonists. They saw, at the same time, however, that it was a delusion which fell in with some of the views of the people; whose fondness for all that related to ancient Greece and Rome was already displayed. This feeling they humoured by flattering comparisons and a theatrical affectation of antiquity; while they, nevertheless, remained in thought and action ever and truly French. The Girondins sought to infuse into the nation a spirit of heroism and freedom of which that nation knew nothing: the Jacobins gave it the name and outward form—and the people were satisfied. Another cause of the fall of the Girondins may be likewise traced to themselves. Their enemies called them aristocrats—and not without some show of reason. They were the aristocrats of talent, eloquence and genius. Beyond the wide sympathies of their republican feelings, they had nothing in common with the people—whose increasing coarseness and ferocity instinctively repelled them. For the most part, they belonged by birth to the *bourgeoisie*: a wealthy and intelligent class who have ever looked with a jealous eye on those who stand either above or below them: and though they were so far true to their new and revolutionary principles as to desire that the people should rise to their own level, it was not in their nature to stoop to that of the people.—Such were the men whose eventful and striking history M. de Lamartine has attempted to relate.

Strange as it may seem, with the exception of Guadet's imperfect account there does not exist a distinct history of the Girondins. They play, of course, an important part in every narrative connected with the Revolution; but, until M. de Lamartine undertook the task, they had, properly speaking, no historian.

Even he seems to have shrunk from his arduous duty:—for in his brief preface he declares that it is only because no better title offered itself to his mind that he had chosen that of History for his work—it being no more than a series of "studies" on the Girondins and the principal events of the French Revolution. The admission is both candid and just. For, in truth, "The History of the Girondins" is little more than a collection of masterly sketches. It wants the unity of plan and comprehensive views necessary to the historian; and with far more of vividness and dramatic effect than Thiers' "History of the Revolution" displays, it lacks the precision and method of that celebrated work. M. de Lamartine has bestowed little or no attention on the financial crisis of the epoch which he treats. It is evident that events are of little weight with him:—he says himself that they will be found to occupy less space in his work than "men and ideas." This may be philosophically just—but it is not historically right, and though to the author's system we are indebted for the omission of much dry matter and the introduction of a brilliant series of political characters, yet that system fails to satisfy the reader's mind.

It must, nevertheless, be confessed that the form which M. de Lamartine has chosen is most excellently adapted to those individual sketches and minute details which give life to a picture. The first two volumes—though they must necessarily be the least interesting of the series—are full of life, vigour, and interest. The characters are not mere cold conventionalities. They represent human beings in a time when heroic virtue was a passion and passion itself was often a virtue. The dying Mirabeau,—Vergniaud, the eloquent orator of the Gironde,—and Madame Roland, the real chief of that ill-fated party into which she so strove to infuse her own heroic spirit—are drawn with a truth and vividness very different from Thiers' proverbial coldness of manner. We feel, while reading, that M. de Lamartine has derived his facts and descriptions from the most authentic sources—from letters and original memoirs—and yet more from tradition. A spirit of reality and conviction pervades the work.

The style of M. de Lamartine, both as an orator and as a poet, is well known. To richness, energy, and eloquence it adds melody and rhythm in a degree never equalled in that of any other French writer. Its defects are the sameness occasioned by the epithets and images that load it, and an artificiality and mannerism which it shares in common with most of the productions of the modern French school. These defects are, from the length and nature of the work, more apparent in "The History of the Girondins" than in the author's poems and speeches. There is throughout a lyrical and declamatory tone recalling the orator and poet; and which, though it gives strength and effect to certain passages, is peculiarly unsuitable to the conciseness proper in historical narrative. The opening is quite in accordance with the epic stateliness which generally characterizes M. de Lamartine's writings.

"I undertake," he says, "to write the history of a small body of men cast by Providence in the heart of the greatest drama of modern times;—in whom were united the ideas, passions, faults, and virtues of, an epoch—and whose life and policy forming, so to speak, the nucleus of the French Revolution perished by the same blow which crushed the destinies of their country."

It may be questioned if the author has not overrated the influence which the Girondins exercised on the French Revolution. They certainly had no control over it, for they were amongst the victims; nor is even the first revolutionary impulse to be ascribed to them. It was the work of neither Girondins nor Montagnards; but had a higher and deeper origin. The revolutionary principle lay in the people; who carried it out to its extreme limits. It belonged to no party, for it was the inevitable result of ages of oppression and misery. Voltaire and Rousseau (of whom the one attacked religion and the other society) hastened the explosion of the popular feeling, but did not generate it. The causes of great events seldom lie in men, considered as individuals. The Girondins were but disciples of the philosophers of the 18th century. The real cause of the favour which the Girondins enjoy in the opinion of the present day is the fact that they were, comparatively speaking, free from that red stain which colours for ever the memory of their opponents. They are nearly the only men of the Revolution whose acts the French need not disavow. M. de Lamartine seems inclined to blame them for having endangered the revolution by their systematic obstinacy. The truth is, they were, throughout, faithful to their proper part—of republican inflexibility; as were the Jacobins to theirs, which consisted in yielding to the people whom they governed. The result was the scaffold for both parties; but it was in the nature of the case that the Girondins should perish first.

M. de Lamartine has described with much skill the position of the different parties which divided the National Assembly before the appearance of the Girondins on the political horizon. The situation of the unfortunate Louis XVI, distracted by the conflicting opinions of his counsellors—his vacillating disposition—and the duplicity which he was unavoidably led to practise are all drawn with painful fidelity and power.

The following account of the ill-starred flight to Varennes is more detailed and interesting than any we recollect to have met with. On the evening of the 20th of June 1791, the royal family (consisting of the king, queen, their two children, and Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister,) were no sooner left alone by their usual visitors than they put on travelling dresses suited to the occasion, and met in the queen's bed-room.

"Thence they proceeded, by a secret communication to the apartment of the Duke de Villequier: and issued from the palace in separate groups at intervals of time, to avoid attracting the attention of the sentries in the courts by the sight of so many persons together. Under cover of the numbers who were leaving the chateau on foot or in carriages after the "coucher" of the king, they reached the Carrousel without being discovered. The Queen leaned on the arm of one of the "gardes du corps," and led Madame Royale by the hand. In crossing the Carrousel, she met M. de la Fayette: who followed by one or two officers of his staff, was entering the Tuilleries for the purpose of seeing in person that the measures rendered necessary by the revelations of the day had been duly taken.

"She shuddered at the sight of the man who was, to her eyes, the representative of insurrection and captivity; and her escape from his glance seemed, to her imagination, an escape from the nation itself. \* \* \* Madame Elizabeth, leaning on the arm of one of the guards, followed at a distance. The King had been the last to leave the palace, accompanied by the Dauphin, then seven years old. The Count de Fersen, disguised as a coachman, walked on before, and acted as their guide.

"The rendezvous was on the quay of the Theatins; where two carriages awaited the travellers. The Queen's women, and the Marchioness of Tourzel were there before them. In the confusion attendant on a flight so hazardous, the Queen and her guide crossed the Pont Royal, and lost themselves for an instant in the Rue du Bac. Perceiving her mistake, the Queen grew alarmed, and precipitately retraced her steps. The King and his son, who reached the spot by a circuit of streets and a different bridge, were half an hour later. This

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time seemed an age to the monarch's wife and sister. They came at length, however, and threw themselves into the first carriage.

"The Count de Fersen mounted the box, seized the reins, and himself drove the royal family to Bondy—their first stage between Paris and Chalons. There by the Count's arrangement, were waiting the berlin constructed for the King and a cabriolet. The Queen's two female attendants and a "garde du corps" disguised, entered the latter; the King, Queen, Dauphin, and Madame Royale, Madame Elizabeth, and the Marchioness of Tourzel occupied the berlin. Two "gardes du corps" seated themselves, one in front and the other behind. The Count du Fersen kissed the hands of the King and Queen, committed them to the care of Providence, and returned to Paris—which he quitted the same night by another route for Brussels, intending to rejoin the royal family at a later period. At the same hour, Monsieur, the king's brother, quitted the palace of the Luxembourg for Brussels, where he arrived without having been recognized."

After describing how the royal fugitives reached Chalons without being impeded in their progress, M. de Lamartine continues as follows:—

"This was the only great town through which they had to pass. It was half past three in the afternoon. A few idlers gathered round the carriages while the horses were being changed. The king showed himself imprudently at the window and was recognised by the postmaster. But the worthy man felt that the life of his sovereign hung on a look or a gesture of his—suppressed his emotion—drew away the attention of the crowd—assisted to harness the horses with his own hands—and hastened the departure of the post boys. On him alone of all that population, the blood of his king rested not. The carriage rolled out of the gates of Chalons; and the King, Queen, and Madame Elizabeth simultaneously exclaimed, 'We are saved!'"

A fresh imprudence of the King at Sainte Menesould, however, betrayed him to Drouet, the postmaster's son. A detachment of dragoons suspected of attachment to the royal cause, being in the town, Drouet did not venture to raise an alarm; but saddling a horse he started immediately for Varennes—which was the next stage.

One of the dragoons saw the act, and suspected its object; and finding means to escape from the "surveillance" exercised over his comrades by the people, followed the denouncer closely—resolved to take his life. But Drouet—who, apprehensive of pursuit, looked often behind—perceived his pursuer; and being well acquainted with the country, took a by-road that led to Varennes.

It was near midnight, when the royal family, unsuspecting of the danger that threatened them, entered the town—which they found buried in sleep. Of their entrance and subsequent arrest, M. de Lamartine gives the following description:

"The town of Varennes is formed of two distinct quarters,—a Higher town and a Lower, divided by a river and a bridge. M. de Guoguelas had stationed a relay in the Lower town on the other side of the bridge. The measure was in itself prudent,—since it obliged the carriages, &c. to cross the defile of the bridge with the horses brought from Clermont; and in the event of a popular commotion the changing of horses and departure were more easy after the bridge was once crossed. Of this, however, the King should have been forewarned—and was not.

"He and the Queen alighted from the carriage in extreme agitation, and wandered half an hour through the deserted streets of the Upper Town in search of a relay. They knocked at the doors of those houses in which they saw lights burning; but could not make themselves understood. In despair they returned to the carriages—which the postboys threatened to abandon with their horses. By dint of prayers, gold, and promises, they prevailed on these men to resume their seats and go forward. The carriages once more in motion, the travellers rallied,—attributing the accident to a misunderstanding, and already fancying themselves in the midst of M. de Bouille's camp.

"The High Town is crossed without obstacle. The closed houses repose in a deceptive calm. A handful of men only are awake; and they are silent and concealed. Between the Higher and Lower towns was a tower, standing at the entrance of the bridge which divided them. This tower rose over a massive arch through whose dark and narrow passages the carriages were obliged to proceed at a slow pace—and where the smallest obstacle might arrest them. A remnant of feudality!—a sinister snare!—in which of old the nobility entraped the people—and where, by a strange retribution, the people were now to arrest a monarchy!

"Scarcely were the carriages involved in the darkness of this archway, ere the horses, shying at an upturned cart, suddenly stopped; and five or six armed men, emerging from the shadow, rushed to the horses' heads and the windows—commanding the travellers to alight and have their passports examined at the Municipality.

"The man who issued this order to his sovereign was Drouet. Immediately on his arrival from Sainte Menesould he had awakened from their sleep some young patriots, who were his friends, and imparted to them his conjectures. Either doubting the probability of his suspicions or wishing to monopolise the glory of arresting a king of France, these men had not warned the municipality, alarmed the town, nor aroused the people. The appearance of a plot flattered their patriotism; and they felt that in their own persons they represented the nation."

Resistance was useless,—and none was offered. The royal family were taken to the house of a grocer named Sausse—who was the Syndic of Varennes. The king was at once recognised. At first he denied his rank; but finally consented to acknowledge it—and whilst Drouet was alarming the town, endeavoured to prevail on Sausse and the others present to permit his proceeding on his journey. They were moved by his entreaties and misfortunes—yet dared not to consent. The risk was too great:—

"The wife of M. Sausse—whom her husband consulted by a glance, and whose heart the Queen hoped to touch—was least moved of all present. While the king was haranguing the municipal officers, the weeping princess, sitting between two bales in the shop, with her children on her knees, showed the latter to Madame Sausse.

"'You are a mother, Madame,' said the Queen,—'and you are a wife; the fate of a wife and mother is in your hands! Think what I am feeling for these children and for my husband! To one word of yours I may owe their safety. The Queen of France may be your debtor for more than her kingdom or her life!'"

"'Madame,' replied the grocer's wife with the commonplace sense of hearts in which prudence has extinguished generosity,—'I would I could serve you. You think of the King—I of Monsieur Sausse. A wife must think of her husband.'

"All hope was lost then, since there was no pity to be found even in the heart of woman. The Queen, furious and indignant, withdrew with Madame

Elizabeth and the children into two small upper chambers and there wept. The King, surrounded, below, by municipal officers and national guards, ceased to importune them. He wandered up and down the wooden stairs of the miserable abode—passing from the queen to his sister and from his sister to his children.

"What he could not extort from compassion, he hoped to win from delay and from force. \* \* In any case, he was satisfied that he would be delivered, ere the return of the couriers sent to Paris, by the forces of M. de Bouille,—whom he knew to be at hand, unsuspected by the people. His only wonder was, that the rescue should be so slow in coming. But the hours struck, one after another—the night was passing away—and the expected aid came not."

It never came. The king was hurried back, with his wife and children, to Paris—thenceforth their prison. M. de Lamartine is evidently painfully affected by the fate of this unhappy family: and it is with feelings of relief that he turns from their melancholy history, to that of the Girondins—now beginning to play their part in the great drama. We shall return to his volumes in a future number.

### PERPETUAL LAMPS.

THE incidental mention of these lamps, has induced us to take up the subject with an endeavor to set at rest the doubts, and if possible to clear up the absurdities, which still overshadow it. The paper mentioned in the article referred to was read at the York meeting of the Archaeological Institute by Mr. Way; and thus for at least the hundredth time, the question has been revived, discussed, and relinquished as an insoluble mystery after all. At the spoliation of the monasteries in York, says Camden, a vault attached to a little chapel was broken into, and an ignited lamp, which must have been burning for ages, was discovered therein. A curious and most interesting communication by Mr. Wetherall followed, containing a minute account of another sepulchral lamp discovered on the route from Granada to Cordova, in an ancient Roman sepulchre, which was also burning at the time of discovery, but was broken in pieces by the carelessness of the labourers. In both cases the flame was instantly extinguished. There have been many accounts of these everlasting lamps by the learned of almost every age. Two or three notices will here suffice.

Fifteen hundred years after her death, the tomb of Tullia, Cicero's daughter, was accidentally discovered, and opened; and it was found to be illuminated by one of these lamps, the light being extinguished instantly on the admission of fresh air. More marvellous is the relation about the lamp of Olybius:—A Paduan peasant, on digging into the earth, accidentally struck on an urn: this contained another urn, within which was a lamp still burning, between two other vessels, the one full of liquid gold, and the other of liquid silver! An inscription upon the urn informed him that the great alchemical secret was contained in these vessels. Pausanias relates that Callimachus constructed a golden lamp, which he placed in the temple of Minerva at Athens; and after some oil had been poured into it, it continued burning for a whole year. Then there is an account, implicitly received by Licetus (the author of a ponderous folio on the subject,) that the tomb of Pallas, the Virgilian hero, was discovered in the year A.D. 1041; the corpse unchanged by time, with that gaping wound in the heart so affectingly described by the poet; and in the sepulchre was found a lamp which, however, could not be put out by any means whatsoever, thus differing from the generally received characteristic of the 'perpetual lamps.' Merlin the magician, among other wonderful things which he accomplished, appears to have succeeded in constructing one of these lights, if we are to take the author before-mentioned as a credible authority. But we need not enumerate the examples.

If the different accounts are to be credited, the mystery is completely beyond solution. Let us enter more closely into the subject. Camden, with a customary caution, lays the responsibility of the tale he recounts on the shoulders of several 'credible persons,' who related it, to him, and contents himself with quoting Laxius for the exposition of the perpetual flame secret. The account of the lamp of Olybius is an obvious impossibility, until at least the laws which affect combustion undergo a very material alteration. The other examples may be as summarily disposed of with the exception of the most recent alleged discovery in Spain. It is, however, much to be regretted that no archaeologist was present at the time: that none but ignorant rustics, full, possibly, of superstitious terrors, beheld this famous lamp, or we might have had the question set at rest for ever. There are suspicious circumstances about the tales, as they have been handed down to us, to which we do well to give heed. It is most unfortunate, then, that the perpetual lamps always go out as soon as they are discovered. One would think they might have the grace, at any rate, to keep in, after enduring unaltered the lapse of ages, for a few days or weeks, and so give us moderns a chance of getting trustworthy testimony concerning them. But no! they are no sooner found, than they are found out; and this, to ordinary judgments, confers upon them at once a highly apocryphal character. The ingenious Bishop Wilkins explains this feature of the lamps, by presuming that the exposure to open air disturbed the balance between the flame and the fuel, and that consequently, the flame shortly went out; but this is a lame and impotent conclusion. It may also be asked—allowing that the lamps were found really burning, and were blown out accidentally—How is it that they have never been relighted, and handed down from age to age, visible witnesses to the truth of the statements! The question cannot be answered. There is, moreover, an air of romance about every account that exists, which considerably damages its credibility as a matter of fact. On the whole, it may be averred that the stories at present received about the lamps are of a very questionable nature. There are, however, other grounds for doubting, and of a more satisfactory description. In the 'Archæologia' of the society of Antiquaries, will be found an account of the discovery of a Roman sepulchral lamp, in a 'barrow,' at Barblon in Essex. The tomb was opened by an archaeologist fortunately, and the lamp was discovered in one corner of it, with all the appearance of having been long extinguished. The lamp, with its contents, was sent to Mr. Farady, the eminent chemical philosopher. In it was contained a cake of a substance, dry, brittle, and earthy in appearance. The upper surface of it was black, the lower green, from its contact with the bronze of the lamp. This substance was altogether combustible, and consisted simply of a fatty fuel, much changed by time. In the beak of the lamp was found a wick, evidently consisting of a fibrous vegetable material, about an inch in diameter, and half-consumed. Near the lamp stood what has been believed to be a curdle chair—indicative of the official authority, or of the noble rank of the tomb-tenant. Here, now, were all the elements of a splendid fable, excepting the simple circumstance of the lamp being out, which, there is little doubt, would have been overlooked, had the discovery taken place at another epoch,



and by other means. We may go a step beyond, and ask—If the 'perpetual lamps' were known to the ancients, how was it that a noble Roman's shade was left to the poor consolation of a vegetable wick and most unperpetual tallow! The historians of these lamps are not content with the simple assertion of their being in combustion, but they insist upon the 'fact,' that they gave forth sufficient light thoroughly to illuminate the sepulchre. This is another ground of objection. It is well known that light, in ordinary circumstances, as in a lamp, is produced by the ignition of solid particles of matter; the light of a lamp is due to the ignition of the carbon of its fuel. In burning, then a certain amount of solid matter is consumed every minute. Dr. Ure calculates that a mould candle consumes rather more than a hundred grains of tallow per hour. If we allow, to make a rough estimate, sixty grains of solid carbon to such a light per hour, this would demand about seventy pounds of solid carbon for one year, or about three tons for a century, for the production of the light alone of such a flame. This is, however, only an approximative statement of the case, as we are still to account for that portion of the fuel which contributes to the non-luminous part of flame. Thus a whole tallow chandler's warehouse, economised as you will, would only supply a mould candle with fuel for about a century; and it will be a novel discovery indeed to the antiquarian world, if such a receptacle be ever found in connexion with any ancient sepulchre. We have taken the fuel to be of the nature of fat or tallow, but it is evident the same line of argument applies itself to all other kinds, excepting always that liquid Lazian gold, which ignorant moderns know nothing about. There is a further difficulty, which, even if an eternal supply of fuel were granted, would render the constant flame an impossibility; that is the nature of a wick. Granting that it might be made of asbestos, and thus rendered indestructible, it would, after the lapse of some time, become so charged with half-decomposed fuel, as to form a semi-solid mass, which had lost the power of imbibing the oil in sufficient quantity to sustain the flame. A final objection lies in the want of fresh air. With a perpetual flow of oil, and a wick, if it were possible, so made as to obviate the last objection, the lamp, without a renewal of the exhausted oxygen of the tomb, would speedily become extinct. This appears to have been the case with the lamp discovered at Barblon. Such is the presumptive, such the positive, evidence opposed to the perpetuity of the sepulchral lights.

Learned men, however, have perplexed themselves much in the attempt to explain away the difficulty. The penetrating genius of Baptist Porta exercised itself in vain upon this subject: he believed in the truth of the accounts, but failed in all his experiments to produce anything like an eternal flame. Bishop Wilkins suggested the idea of the asbestos wick, and innocently asks, whether it was not probable that an *inconsumable* oil might not be extracted from asbestos itself!—which seems a kind of *lucus a non lucendo* reasoning. Dr. Plat has suggested the idea, that a natural fountain of naphtha, or a jet of carburretted hydrogen, might be in connexion with the lamps; but this hypothesis is open to the objections—first, of the want of renewed air; and secondly, of the entire absence of mechanism attached to the lamps to justify the supposition, even if there had been any such natural supply, which has never yet been alleged in any instance with which we are acquainted. Mr Way writes—'Some substance may have been compounded, which long closed up amidst the pestilent vapours of the tomb, may at length, on the admission of some measure of purer air, have become ignited for a brief space of time, and as quickly have been extinguished, when, on being brought forth from the vault, an accelerated combustion had been produced.' Now, it is well known to chemists that some substances may be so prepared as to take fire on the admission of air to them, as in the numerous chemical playthings known as *pyrophori*; but these must be rigidly excluded from the air, in hermetically-sealed glass tubes, or they become slowly oxidated, and are useless; therefore the objection to Mr Way's hypothesis is insuperable, as no substance could be exposed even to the impure air of the tomb without undergoing, in the course of ages, a slow oxidation, and thus becoming incombustible. It is remarkable that the same idea suggested itself to the mind of Porta, who was well acquainted with the tartrate of lead pyrophorus; but he candidly admits that it will not solve the difficulty.

The solution we would venture to offer (supposing that light is actually seen on breaking into any crypt or sepulchre) is the following, though it cannot be much pressed:—The gas *phosphuretted hydrogen* is the product, in certain circumstances, of the decay of animal substances, and instantly shines with a phosphorescent light on coming in contact with air. Is it not probable that the decaying remains deposited in the grave may have, in the course of years, been slowly evolving small quantities of this gas? Let the tomb be supposed to contain some of this gas, and an extinct sepulchral lamp: some labourers break into it, the air falls upon the luminiferous gas, and the vault is filled with light, which the ignorant intruders refer to the lamp it enables them to distinguish; they seize upon the lamp, and presently the light disappears, the whole of the phosphuretted hydrogen has been consumed, and the vault is in darkness. The idea is perhaps worth entertaining, and appears to afford a simple and not improbable explanation of a long-lived archaeological chimera.

### LAGOMA.

A TALE OF THE COAST OF AFRICA.

The great river Gambia, after running a course of six hundred miles through the tropical regions of Western Africa, disembogues into the Atlantic at about 12 degrees of north latitude. At its mouth lies the small island of St Mary, now occupied by the British colony of Bathurst. This settlement, originally of a mercantile character, has since become a station for recaptured slaves, auxiliary to Sierra Leone, which is situated a few degrees farther south. In the principal town reside thirty or forty English merchants, who exchange the manufactures of their own country for the gum, bees'-wax, hides, ivory, and gold of Africa. Besides these, there are the governor of the colony and his assistants, together with a small guard of soldiers for the defence of the palace.

On a pleasant day in June, some six or seven years ago, a small party of Europeans rode out of the town of Wellington towards the villages of the recaptured Africans. It consisted of two naval officers from a frigate then lying in the river, the colonial secretary, and the chaplain of the station. Their course laid them across a level country covered with long loose grass. A few trees were scattered over the plain, among which were conspicuous the tall graceful palm, with its feathered coronal of leaves, and the huge, swollen trunk of the baobab (known there by the singular name of *monkey-bread*), which sometimes attains to the monstrous girth of sixty feet although not remarkable for either height or foliage. At length they came in sight of some fields of maize, sweet potatoes, bananas, and ocras, among which appeared the conical roofs of the native huts.

'Yonder, gentlemen,' said the secretary, 'is the village to which we have

given the name of Melville. You will observe that the people are allowed to live according to their own ideas of comfort, receiving from such assistance and instruction as they are willing to accept.'

'Do you find them amenable to instruction?' inquired one of the officers, a middle-aged man with a weather-beaten countenance, who wore the uniform of a lieutenant.

'Why yes,' replied the colonial functionary. 'But the parson is best qualified to speak on this subject. He devotes a great deal of time and labour to his black sheep, as I call them.'

'The character of the native Africans,' said the chaplain, 'varies with the tribe to which they belong. Those of the interior are more civilised and tractable than those of the coast. The Ashantees are warlike and bloodthirsty; the Foulahs, haughty, bold, and enterprising; the Mandingoes are shrewd, given to traffic, and with strong religious feeling. But, speaking in general, I consider the negroes a tractable, good-humoured race, easily led by appeals to their affections. The mild, gentle, flexible character which renders them so valuable as slaves, makes them also good free citizens, provided the government under which they live be not so managed as to excite their evil passions, and particularly to mortify their vanity, which is a ruling principle with them. Occasionally, however, we find among them men of a different stamp—obstinate, headstrong, unmanageable. Such a man—a very remarkable personage, by the way—you will probably see in the village which we are approaching.'

'You mean Lagoma?' observed the secretary.

'What is his history?' asked the younger officer.

'He is a native of the Eboe country, near the mouth of the Quorra, or Niger,' replied the secretary. 'He was liberated about four years ago from the slaver Africans, which you will recollect, was captured by the Bronte off the Cape Verde Islands. From his story, it appears that he was the chief, or I suppose we might call him the king, of a sept or a subdivision of the Eboe tribe not far from the great river. An older relative, a cousin or uncle, governed a larger district, situated on the western bank of the Quorra. The kinsman of his managed to involve himself in debt with some of the rascally Portuguese slave-traders, who kept him in constant annoyance by their demands for payment. As this was to be made in slaves, and he was at that moment too weak to undertake a war with any of his neighbours, the hereditary enemies of the Eboes, he could hit upon no other scheme for discharging his obligations than that of raking up an old quarrel with his cousin, and falling upon him so suddenly, as to give him no opportunity for resistance. Poor Lagoma was taken prisoner with all his family and half his subjects. His younger brother was killed in the conflict. His wife and their two children, along with more than a hundred of his people, died of fever and the effects of ill-usage, on board the Africana before she was taken. These sufferings and injuries have sunk into his mind, and produced a powerful effect. He never smiles, and never joins with the other blacks in their amusements or conversation. His whole mind is absorbed with the idea of vengeance. From the time that he landed, and was made to understand his position here, he has devoted himself to a single object—that of procuring, by his labour, sufficient funds to hire a passage in a trading vessel to his native country, with a supply of arms, which will enable him, by joining some of the tribes opposed to his cousin, to take condign vengeance on the treacherous scoundrel. He is assisted by about twenty of his people, who were liberated with him, and whom he has inspired with the same feelings. They have really made wonderful progress towards the execution of their design, and have already accumulated a considerable amount of money by the sale of their crops. They are exemplary for their industry and sobriety, and could they but be disabused of this extravagant idea of revenge, would be a most valuable acquisition to our colony.'

'Here you see him,' observed the chaplain, pointing with his whip to a man engaged in weeding a field of maize in the vicinity of a hut. He did not even look up until the secretary called him by name, when he slowly raised himself, and moved towards the party. Both the officers were struck with the air of composed dignity with which he returned their salutations, and led the way to his hut.

He was tall and well-proportioned, with the appearance of great strength. Although perfectly black, with thick woolly hair, his features had not otherwise what is commonly considered the negro cast. His eyes were small, and set beneath his overhanging brow; and his nose was not flat, but rather of an aquiline shape; his lips were not very thick; nor did the lower part of the face protrude as is common with the race to which he belonged. He wore the ordinary garb of the African colonists—loose white cotton trousers, turned up to the knee while working, and a straw-hat. His house to which he led them, was, like all the rest, of a circular shape, with walls composed of a writhing of bamboo, and a conical roof thatched with straw, the whole bearing a great external resemblance to a round hay-stack. The furniture was extremely simple, more so than is usual with the negroes; for all Lagoma's earnings had been carefully reserved for the purpose of arms: a cooking-pot, and a few baskets, with a raised bedstead covered with mats, were all. He pointed his visitors to the bedstead by way of a seat, and placed before them a bunch of plantains and a calabash full of palm wine; then seating himself on a mat by the door, he calmly waited till they should address him.

'Always hard at work, Lagoma,' said the secretary.

'Yes; work hard; large crop; plenty money,' replied the negro chief laconically.

'Then you still hold to your scheme of revenge, my friend?' inquired the chaplain.

'What you call revenge?' retorted Lagoma sullenly, as if annoyed at the prospect of renewed expostulation. 'I no call it revenge; call it punish.'

'But consider,' urged the chaplain, 'is not your feeling a bad one? Revenge or punishment is the same thing if undertaken in a savage, unchristian spirit. Think how much happiness, how many comforts, you might enjoy with your crops and money, if you would but renounce this vindictive enterprise.'

'Misser Officer, who a lieutenant hey?' asked Lagoma turning suddenly to the oldest of the two naval officers, who answered in the affirmative.

'You got wife and children?'

'Yes.'

'Ha! suppose somebody come in the night, set fire to the house, kill wife, children, brother, sister, all—what you do to him, Misser Lieutenant hey?'

'I would shoot the villain,' answered the lieutenant hastily; 'that is,' he added, after a moment's thought, 'if I caught him on the spot.'

'Yes, yes! Suppose you catch him on the spot. But suppose you no catch him till five or six year; what then?'

'Then I would hand him over to the government, to be dealt with according to law.'

'What the governor do to him?' inquired the chief.

'He would be tried before a judge, and if found guilty, would be hanged.'



"Good!" replied Lagoma, rising to his feet, and drawing himself up with great dignity. In my country, I, Lagoma, the governor; I the judge; I speak the law. Toklah come in the night, like a thief, give no sign, burn my house, kill my brother, sell me, my wife, my children, my people, to the slave. All die.

"Nobody left to live with Lagoma. You say forget!—no punish!" he continued, turning quickly to the clergyman, and speaking with much earnestness. "You are very good man. But when I die, I forget—not before." So saying, he walked hastily out of the hut, and was soon lost among the rows of lofty maize stalks that surrounded it. It was evident that he did not wish his agitation to be seen.

"This is the invariable result of every attempt I have made to soften his vindictive passion," observed the chaplain; "yet he is not without good feelings. In fact his very desire of vengeance springs, as you may have observed, from the strength of his affections, and is kept alive by his constant sense of loneliness."

This observation met with general assent, the younger seaman, who was a midshipman, evidently inclining to the opinion that Lagoma's determination was not so very objectionable as the chaplain seemed to consider it. As there was no likelihood of his reappearance, the party mounted their horses, and returned to the port to dine. Here they found that a slave had just come in with a prize crew, under the charge of the lieutenant of the Althea, by whose boats the slave had been captured after a desperate resistance. She was a vessel of about two hundred tons, polacca rigged and had on board nearly three hundred slaves. The space between decks was so low, that it was impossible to stand upright in it, and so crowded, that there was no room to lie down. The sufferings of the miserable wretches crammed into this suffocating hole under a vertical sun, amid filth and noxious effluvia, heavily shackled, with deficient food, surpass the power of imagination to conceive.

After dinner, the party increased by this addition of the governor, and of Lieutenant W——, the prize-master of the slave, walked down to the slave-yard to view the recaptured Africans. They had been supplied with food and clothing on board the vessel after her capture; and those who were suffering under serious illness had been removed to the hospital immediately on landing. But notwithstanding these alleviations, the sight was wretched enough. The emaciated figures, the eagerness with which many of them still devoured their rations, never appearing satisfied, the weakness in their limbs caused by the shackles, and by the constrained postures which they had been compelled to maintain, the listless attitudes, the vacant, dreary stare, all spoke so plainly of misery to which they had been subjected, that it was impossible to view them without pain. The governor, however, observed, "These poor creatures seem wretched enough. They have evidently been treated worse than usual. Yet in a week, one-half of them will be singing and dancing; and in a month, all but one or two will be merry as crickets. Now, that's a singularity in the negro character which I should like to hear explained. It cannot proceed from insensibility, for no people have more feeling."

"It is a natural cheerfulness and sprightliness of temperament," replied the chaplain. "It is curious to reflect that if these poor people had been of a harsh morose disposition, like the Malays, or the American Indians, they never could have been made slaves. Their very virtues have been turned against them."

"True enough," replied the governor. "Mr W——, from what part of the coast did you say these people came?"

"From the Quorra, sir; a little above its mouth. Most of them are Eboes."

"A bad set those Eboes, observed the governor. 'Crafty and ferocious. Always fighting among themselves.'"

"I think," replied the lieutenant, "that that proceeds more from the machinations of the slaves than from any other cause. Now, that old man whom you see there, and who is the principal person among them, was conquered, taken prisoner, and sold by his own son."

"His own son!" exclaimed the hearers.

"Yes. It appears that the old fellow had governed his subjects after a rather tyrannical fashion, and made a number of malcontents. The traders, who are constantly among them, and are acquainted with all that is going on, took advantage of this state of feeling, and persuaded them to rebel. The revolted party, after the fashion of our own ancestors in the middle ages, got hold of a son of the old chief, and in a manner compelled to be their leader. They were victorious. The old man and most of his adherents were taken prisoners, and of sold course to the traders."

This information drew the attention of all the party towards the old chief, who presented a pitiable sight. His meagre, attenuated figure was wrapped in a thick blanket, and yet, though the day was very warm he shivered as though in the cold stage of a fever. A deep gash, yet unhealed, extended from his temple to his chin, and disfigured still more a naturally unprepossessing countenance. His low projecting forehead was partially bald, and his hair was slightly grizzled. He lay reclining on the bosom of a young woman, who appeared to watch over him with great care. His small eyes roved with a lustreless gaze around the yard.

"What consummate knaves those traders must be, to be able thus to stifle the feelings of natural affection in a people in whom they are so strong!" observed the governor.

"True, sir," replied Lieutenant W——: "and there is an evidence of their strength. That young girl, who supports the old man so tenderly, is his daughter. Her name is Nandee. She accompanied him voluntarily, in spite of all the efforts of her brother to dissuade her. She became a slave in order to attend her father in his old age and illness."

It will easily be conceived that this information excited a great interest in favour of the young negress. She was a mere girl, of apparently not more than sixteen. Her slender, graceful form was clothed from the waist in a wrapper of blue cotton. Her face was not handsome, but it had that pleasing expression of patient, loving meekness so often seen in the females of her unhappy race. She shrunk with such evident confusion when she found their eyes fixed upon her, that the spectators, with a common feeling of delicacy, withdrew to another part of the yard, where the lieutenant pointed out an old negro, who, he said, was a Mohammedan Moollah, and able to read Arabic with facility. While they were examining him, a loud cry was heard, which recalled their attention to those whom they had just left. It proceeded from the old man, who was sitting upright, and staring with a look of affright at a figure just then entering the yard. This was none other than our friend Lagoma, who had come from Melville on hearing the report of the arrival of a slave at the Quorra, in the hopes of receiving some intelligence of the friends or the enemies whom he had left there. Her wishes were more than gratified. No

sooner had he beheld the old man, than, with a shout of 'Toklah!' he darted towards him like a lion rushing on his prey.

The looks of all present, negroes and English were rivetted on the scene that followed, which was a very striking one. The tall form of Lagoma, with every feature convulsed by passion, towered over his prostrate enemy, who falling back into the arms of his daughter, fixed his gaze, as if fascinated, on the terrible countenance of his kinsman. Nandee, with one arm around her father, stretched the other imploringly towards her cousin. After a brief pause Lagoma spoke.

His words were unintelligible to the English, but it was evident that they were expressive of rage and violent denunciation. At one time his excitement became so great that the chaplain was on the point of interrupting him, but was prevented by the governor. "Let him alone," said the latter. "I think I know Lagoma. We shall see a different termination to this scene from what you anticipate."

At length the negro chief paused for a moment, as if expecting a reply. The old man, however, was so overcome by the shock, acting upon his enfeebled frame, as to be incapable of utterance. Nandee, therefore, answered in his stead; and though her words, like those of Lagoma, were unintelligible, yet their general import was readily perceived. Her piteous, appealing tone, the tears that slowly gathered and rolled down her dusky cheeks, the manner in which she pointed to the evident attenuated form and a gray hair of her father, made it that she was endeavouring to move the compassion of her angry kinsman. At first he listened in sullen silence. Then, in answer to a few brief questions, she seemed to enter into a long narrative, relating to the fortunes of their family—at least so the lieutenant judged from a few words of their language which he had picked up. As she proceeded, the cloud gradually passed from the brow of the listener. He gazed at her with looks of interest, which at length seemed to become admiration. Then looking again at her father, he shook his head. For a minute he stood irresolute, with knitted brows, and eyes fixed on the ground. He seemed to be undergoing a powerful struggle between contending emotions. At length he turned, and slowly approached the group of officers who had been watching his proceedings.

"Well, Lagoma," said the governor, "if I understand the case rightly, your desire for revenge ought to be fully satisfied. Your old enemy has met with a heavy retribution. His fate seems to be worse than your own."

"No, no," replied Lagoma quickly; "he no lose all."

"You mean his daughter, I suppose?" said the governor. "Very true. She seems to be a jewel—a real treasure. As you say, the old rascal is fortunate in having such a child—more so than he deserves. Well, Lagoma, what do you mean to do with your relations?"

"Suppose you like, governor," replied the negro in a hesitating manner, "I take them home with me."

"What! and wreak your vengeance on the poor old man at your leisure?" returned the governor with great gravity. "For shame, Lagoma! Certainly I shall not allow any such thing."

"No, no," replied the chief; no more revenge—no more bad feeling. Toklah plenty punish. Ah, only think, his own son fight him, catch him, sell him to the trader! His own child! Oh, plenty punish. I no more angry. Take him home to Melville—give him good house—plenty to eat—make him well. He very sick now."

"So, Lagoma, you are turning Christian at last, after all," said the kind chaplain with a good-natured laugh.

A smile, the first for many years, lighted up for a moment the dark features of the chief as he replied—"Yes now I like to get religion. I feel good here (laying his hand on his heart). Suppose you come to Melville now—I like to hear you talk."

"Oh ho!" said the governor: "I begin to understand the mystery. Lagoma is tired of living alone. He has been talking to his pretty cousin there, and begins to look after the parson directly. Why, Lagoma, you get on famously."

The chief bore this attack with much good-humour, and answered, "Me no go courting now. What for I want a wife? Governor no got any."

This retort courteous created a laugh at the expense of that dignity, in which he joined very heartily. "Well, Lagoma," said he, "if I am unfortunate, that is no reason why you should be miserable too. So you have my permission to take your relations to your residence, on condition that you are responsible for their good treatment; and mind, I advise you to secure your wife before any of these young Mandingo gallants about Melville, with their white jackets and figured waistcoats, hear of the prize, and cut you out."

"Very well, me see," replied the chief, coolly, as he turned to rejoin his relations. With the assistance of some of the other Eboes, old Toklah and his daughter were quickly removed to the habitation of their kinsman. There the chaplain visited them on the following day, and found that Lagoma had kept his word, by making them as comfortable as his means would admit. Part of his treasured store of money had been expended in buying clothing for them, and furniture for the hut; this he had given up to them entirely, and was now engaged in building another for himself. The dark cloud which had covered his countenance for so long a time was dispelled by the new feelings of forgiveness, good-will, and affection which occupied his heart. He was courteous, cheerful, and earnestly desirous of conversing on the doctrines of Christianity, a subject which before he had always shunned, as if aware how much its precepts were at variance with his vindictive resolutions.

The governor was right in his anticipations. Not many months had passed before Lagoma and Nandee were married. This event, however, did not take place till after the death of the old man, who had been already reduced to extreme weakness by fever and the effects of his wound, as well as by his sufferings on board the slave ship. In this condition, the shock which he experienced on suddenly meeting the man whom he had so fearfully injured, was too much for him. He lingered for a few months, and expired in the arms of his daughter and Lagoma, but not till he had repeatedly implored, and as often been assured of, the forgiveness of the latter.

Of the Europeans mentioned in this narrative, nearly all are dead, victims to the insalubrity of these noxious climates. Lagoma and Nandee, however, are still living, and in the enjoyment of as much happiness as can reasonably be expected in this world. The patch of ground has been enlarged to a considerable farm, with fields of maize, coffee, and sugar-canes. The little cabin has become a roomy house, made vocal by the cries and mirth of several children; and Lagoma, the vindictive Eboe chief, is not only the head man of the Melville settlement, and a useful assistant to the governor in the management of the colony, but he is also, and above all, a consistent Christian, and a catechist in the school which has been established in his village. The same energy and sin-



gleness of purpose which he displayed in the prosecution of his projects of revenge are still apparent though directed to far different ends.

### MEMOIR OF ZUMALACARREGUI, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CARLIST ARMY.

Tomas Zumalacarregui was born at Ormaiztegui, a small village in the province of Guipuzcoa, on the 29th of December, 1788, just nine months, as his biographer remarks, after the Prince of whose rights he was the most distinguished champion. His parents, though not wealthy, possessed some property, and belonged to the highest rank of the provincial noblesse. He was the third of four brothers, of whom the second and third entered the church, while the eldest embraced the profession of the law, and, adopting the liberal side in politics, became one of the most prominent deputies in the Spanish Cortes under the first Constitution. Our hero was originally destined for the same pursuit. His natural turn, however, was for arms; and when the insurrection broke forth against the French, in 1808, he quitted Pampeluna, where he was then completing his studies, and hastened to take part in the glorious defence of Saragossa. When the first siege of that place was raised, he returned home, but afterwards joined the band of the famous partizan leader, Jauregui, better known by the name of El Pastor, or the Shepherd, from his original occupation.

The youthful volunteer quickly gained the confidence of his Captain, and it is said that Zumalacarregui, ashamed of serving under a leader who could not write, actually became his instructor in that elementary branch of education. It is in allusion to this circumstance, no doubt, that, in some accounts of our hero's life, he is said to have been the private secretary to the warlike shepherd. As Jauregui afterwards rose to high distinction under the Christino Government, this rather grandiloquent mode of representing the fact may have been adopted out of consideration for his susceptibilities on the subject, particularly as, from his humanity, he seems always to have retained some share of respect even from the Carlists, against whom he fought.

At the close of this war, Zumalacarregui was selected by the Captain-General of the Basque Provinces, General Arzizaga, for his personal Aide-de-Camp, in which capacity some important missions were confided to him; and, shortly afterwards, through the influence of the same patron, he obtained the command of a company of infantry in the regular army. At this period of his life, he was noted for a remarkable firmness of character, for an exemplary probity, and an application to military studies far beyond what is usual with officers of his age and rank. The time spent by others in useless sports or frivolous dissipation, was devoted by him to the perusal of works treating on tactics, and the laws of war, and other kindred topics. This fact is worthy of notice, as an evidence that the Carlist hero formed no exception to the general rule that the greatest Commanders have been those whose natural genius has been cultivated and disciplined by careful study.

"In 1820," continues his biographer, "Zumalacarregui espoused a lady of Pampeluna, Dona Pancracia de Olo, a wife worthy of such a husband." Of their numerous offspring the greater number died in childhood, and only three daughters survive their father. In 1822, when the counter revolution, and the insurrection of Navarre against the constitutional system took place, he quitted the regiment (known as that of "Military Orders") in which he was then serving, and joined the Army of the Faith, as the absolutist forces were styled. This was then under the command of General Vicente Quesada, whose name will frequently recur in the course of this memoir, and who displayed in the conduct of this insurrection an amount of activity, energy, and military skill, barely sufficient to reconcile his subordinate officers and his soldiers, as well as the Navarrese people, to an extreme arrogance of manner, and a harshness, approaching to brutality, of character, which would else have been unendurable. Our hero received from him the command of a battalion, with which, though it was then little better than the skeleton of a corps, he was able, in a battle between the Royalist and Constitutional forces, on the 18th of September, 1822, to execute a manœuvre so useful and so opportune, as to secure the victory to his own party. So eminent, indeed, were the military abilities which he manifested throughout this brief contest, that when, at its close, the Navarrese insurrectionary force was disbanded, he was selected before all the other officers, some of them of high rank and reputation, to command the only battalion which was retained under arms. In the following year he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, in which position his abilities as a disciplinarian began to attract attention. Captain Loring says that Ferdinand VII., in reviewing his army, was struck with the fine appearance and precision in manœuvring of one of his regiments, and expressed his satisfaction thereupon to the Colonel; the latter, with a truly honourable feeling, replied that the credit was due, not to himself, but to his Lieutenant-Colonel. On His Majesty asking why an officer so deserving had not been promoted, he was told that the rules with respect to seniority did not admit of it, whereupon he replied, laughing, "Then we will make an exception to the rule. I name Zumalacarregui Colonel, and give him the command of the Regiment of Estremadura."

It was not long before this regiment likewise became noted for its good conduct and superior discipline; and so high was now the reputation of its Commander, that the Conde de Espanza, General-in-Chief of the four regiments of Foot Guards, sent to him several officers of his Staff, to have the advantage of his instructions and example. His known activity and success in repressing disorders of every description, induced the Government afterwards to remove him to the 4th Regt. of the Line, then stationed in the district of Ferrol, where an organized band, or rather conspiracy, of robbers, extending its ramifications over the whole country, and including in its ranks persons of every description, even wealthy traders and high functionaries, had long set at defiance all the efforts of the authorities to discover the authors of the outrages, and bring them to justice. With the command of the regiment, Zumalacarregui assumed the temporary government of the district; and, in a very brief time, he justified the expectations which had been formed of him. In spite of every attempt to deceive, corrupt, or terrify him, he persisted in his investigations, until the heads or chief managers of the nefarious association, who were men of wealth and good standing in society, were discovered and arrested. But before they were brought to trial Zumalacarregui was deprived of his post by the course of political events. He was included in the great number of civil functionaries and military officers who were proscribed for their supposed devotion to the cause of legitimacy, by the famous decree extorted at La Granja, in September, 1832, from the sick and imbecile husband, by the Queen, Christina of Bourbon, in pursuance of her determination to set aside the established law of succession in favor of her daughter Isabella, now *de facto* Queen of Spain.

Zumalacarregui, was recalled to Madrid, where his old commander Quesada

then high in the confidence of the ruling powers, held the office of Inspector General of infantry. So great was the apprehension even then inspired by the Colonel's well known abilities and force of character, that he was accused of a design to raise Don Carlos to the throne during the lifetime of his brother. A court of inquiry held on the occasion pronounced him guiltless, and he was promised a speedy restoration of his command.

Instead of this, however, Quesada placed him on half pay, and when Zumalacarregui protested against this injustice, that general had the inconceivable audacity to observe that the fact of the other having belonged to the Army of Faith in 1823 obliged the government to regard him with suspicion. The Colonel, without losing his self-possession, simply reminded Quesada that if he had fought in that army, it was as a subordinate under the command of the Inspector General himself.

To this retort, the latter replied by pointing to the door, which he closed upon the Colonel, saying at the time, as if conscious of the necessity of excusing himself:

"I cannot act otherwise than I do."

His next step was to place Zumalacarregui upon the retired list, and the latter perceiving the uselessness of further efforts, solicited, and at length obtained, permission to take up his residence in Pampeluna, where he was placed under the strict surveillance of General Sola, the commander of the fortress.

It was about this period that an interview took place between Don Carlos and his future defender, the relation of which will serve to show the honorable feelings by which both were actuated in their course with regard to the succession. The Infante invited the Colonel into the apartment of his sister-in-law, the Princess of Beira, and said to him,—

"I look upon you as my friend. You have rejected the council of those who would have misled you to conspire against my brother. In doing so you have acted like a true Spaniard, and I shall not forget you."

Zumalacarregui replied, that he had thus far only done his duty, which he should continue to do after the death of the king, when he should be among the first to proclaim Don Carlos the rightful sovereign of Spain. It was, doubtless, this common sentiment of punctilious honor which formed the chief bond of sympathy between two persons in other qualities so contrasted, not to say repugnant, as our hero and the prince to whose cause he was devoted.

It is well known that the postal regulations in Spain, and all the public modes of conveying intelligence are very defective. But it is also known to those who are familiar with the internal history of that country, that there exists throughout the whole peninsula a secret popular organization, dating from remote times, perhaps from the period of Moslem domination, by which information of any event of national importance is disseminated with a rapidity partaking of the marvellous.

The collision between the troops of Murat and the populace of Madrid on the 2d of May, 1808, was well known all over Spain in a time so brief that some historians have hesitated to record a fact which might be thought incredible. Ferdinand VII. died in the afternoon of the 27th Sep., 1833, and on the following day the Infante was proclaimed in Bilbao and Vittoria, the former 172, the latter 156 miles distant from Madrid; and large bodies of volunteers were under arms throughout the provinces of Biscay and Alava, of which those cities are the capitals.

On the night of the 30th, also, General Santos Ladrón, issuing from Valladolid, where he was in garrison, hastened to Logrono, on the Ebro, and raised the standard of Carlos V. in Old Castile and Navarre. Belonging to one of the first families among the Navarrese nobility, this distinguished officer had been conspicuous in all the contests which had convulsed the Peninsula, from the commencement of the Napoleonic war, to the overthrow of the Constitutional party in 1823.

After the latter event, to which his popularity and activity had not a little contributed, he was appointed governor of the fortress of Pampeluna, a place which he held for several years. His great goodness of heart, his known probity and disinterestedness, with the many proofs he had given of devotion to his country and her ancient institutions, combined with his birth and military renown to render him the idol of his countrymen, and the acknowledged head of the Royalist party in Navarre.

As soon therefore as he approached on the left bank of the Ebro, he was joined by several hundred men, including among them some officers of the army, who, like Zumalacarregui, had been proscribed for their political opinions. The proceedings of Ladrón did not by any means correspond with his reputation for sagacity and military skill.

He divided his small and imperfectly armed troops, sending one half under commandant Francisco Iturralde, to occupy the town of Lodosa, further down the Ebro, while, with the remainder, only three hundred in number, he moved forward to meet Brigadier Lorenzo, who was advancing from Pampeluna against him, at the head of seven hundred men. Notwithstanding the hopeless disparity of force, he had the rashness to offer battle; the result was such as might have been anticipated; the Carlists were routed at the first onset, and their leader made prisoner.

The news of the capture of General Ladrón spread consternation throughout the province. The growing insurrection was instantly checked. It is believed that had the Christino authorities known how to make a right use of their advantage in this important crisis, the civil war in Navarre would have been at an end, at least for the time. Unhappily they took the course most disastrous to themselves, and to their country.

As soon as Lorenzo with his prisoner, had entered Pampeluna, many of the most respectable and influential persons hastened to the governor, General Sola, who exercised ad interim the functions of Viceroy, and entreated him to suspend the execution of the extreme penalty of death denounced against rebels taken in arms, until they should have time to petition the queen mother in his favor. The members of the several corporations of the city joined in the request representing the serious consequences which would follow the execution of a man so greatly beloved.

Sola promised what they required. To his eternal disgrace, and the misfortune of his party, subsequent misrepresentations induced him to violate his pledged word. On that very afternoon, General Ladrón was executed, within the fortress, and before the close of the following day, three hundred young men from Pampeluna alone had gone to swell the ranks of the insurgents.

Iturralde, who succeeded to the command of the Carlist force after the capture of Ladrón, retreated with his few followers to the town of Estella, the capital of the district of the same name, and situated about thirty miles southwest of Pampeluna. Here the recruits who joined him immediately after the death of the old General, raised his troop to nearly a thousand men, including several persons of rank and influence in the province. But the want of a leader was



now sensibly felt. Iturralde, who had served both in the guerilla warfare against Napoleon and in the regular army, though in many respects an excellent officer, had neither the vigour nor the discretion necessary for a commander in such difficult circumstances. His arbitrary conduct towards them exasperated the country people, while his want of military judgment was so evident as to destroy the confidence of his soldiers.

Such was the state of affairs when Zumalacarrgui made his appearance in the Carlist camp. That he had not sooner taken part in the movement was owing to no lack of zeal or determination, but the watchfulness of the military authorities in Pampeluna, who were alive to the importance of withholding from the opposite party the aid of his great talents and experience, though they did not venture to place him under actual arrest, so long as he remained quiet. At length, however, about three weeks after the commencement of the insurrection, he succeeded in escaping the vigilance of the guard at one of the gates of Pampeluna, and directed his course to the head-quarters of the Carlists, then stationed at Pridramillera, in the district of Estella. It must be borne in mind that Zumalacarrgui was not a native of Navarre but of the neighbouring province of Guipuzcoa; his early exploits in the guerilla war, under Jauregui, and in the Army of the Faith, under Quesada, had been performed in a subordinate capacity, and his later years had been entirely passed in the ordinary service of the regular army. His name was, therefore, little known among the mass of the people that province, and he had no claim to that peculiar confidence and affection with which they regard their own hereditary nobles. It may, therefore, seem surprising that he should have been able to assume without difficulty the command of a considerable and hourly increasing force of Navarrese, including, as has been already stated, some persons of high birth and great influence. But of these, several had served with Zumalacarrgui in the army, and were well aware of his eminent capacity for command; others had been his comrades during the French and Constitutional wars, and had witnessed his behaviour in the field; by all these his arrival was welcomed with an enthusiasm which, as is common in such cases, was quickly communicated to their companions. To this must be added the dissatisfaction felt with the conduct of Iturralde. Nor should we omit to attribute its due weight to the impression which, in circumstances like these, the mere presence of real greatness makes on all with whom it comes in contact. In quiet and prosperous times, people will submit though not altogether willingly, to be governed by persons whom the accident of rank or favour may have set over them, even though their unfitness for the high station may be notorious. But when the season of adversity and danger arrives, men will no longer endure that their lives shall be hazarded by the incompetency of their superiors; they look instinctively to the pilot best fitted to weather the storm,—and their perceptions, sharpened by the consciousness of peril, recognise and honour the qualities necessary to save them. By this inevitable law of character and circumstance, Zumalacarrgui, from the moment he entered the Carlist camp, became the real chief of the insurrection; and to the day of his death he never for a moment lost his ascendancy over the minds of his followers.

Iturralde at first refused to accede to the urgent demands made by all his subordinate officers, that he should voluntarily resign the chief command to Zumalacarrgui; saying, that if the latter were superior in army rank, he himself had been first in joining the insurrection. The officers, finding that the Colonel, rather than create dissension by contesting the point, was preparing to depart, and offer his services to the Carlist authorities in the Basque Provinces, saw the necessity of adopting decisive measures to prevent a step likely to be the forerunner of their ruin. They assembled their troops in a plain, between the river Ega and the town of Estella, and proclaimed Zumalacarrgui, Commandant-General of Navarre, in the name of their sovereign Charles V. At the same time, Iturralde was arrested by their orders, and confined in his quarters. However irregular this proceeding may seem, there can be no doubt that the claims of Zumalacarrgui to the command were superior to those of Iturralde, viewed as a matter of mere military seniority—the one having been a Colonel and the other only a Commandant under Ferdinand VII., and neither of them having received any direct authority from the Prince whom they now acknowledged as their King. Our hero, therefore did not hesitate to accept the post now offered him, which indeed was one far more of peril and difficulty than of honour. His first act was to address the assembled troops in a characteristic speech.

"Volunteers," he began, in decided and commanding tones, "after this time it will no longer be possible to give you the two reals a-day as heretofore. The want of funds will not allow us to do for you what we should wish. The only resources which we have, at present, for carrying on the war, are those which the country affords, and of these the greater portion is already exhausted. I, therefore inform you that for the future only one copper real a-day will be given, and the same proportion will be observed in the pay of all other ranks. If by the regulations which we shall endeavour to establish, and by our exertions we shall succeed in increasing our resources, you may expect that your pay will be augmented; but for the present the two reals a-day cannot be continued."

Then, adopting a pleasant and familiar manner, he proceeded to instruct them in the proper mode of keeping their arms, so as to preserve them always in good condition; he next reminded them that, having once decided for the cause of legitimacy and of religion, they should be prepared to defend it with constancy; and he finally impressed upon them how difficult it would be to attain the end which they had in view without enduring all those labours, perils, and privations of every description, which await the soldier in his path to glory.

General Zaratigui, from whose work the foregoing is taken, remarks very truly that a parallel instance will hardly be found of a leader, raised to the command by the voluntary suffrages of his followers, making the first use of his newly-acquired power in reducing the pay of his soldiers. The measure, however, as well as the time of its announcement, affords striking evidence of the clear judgment and foresight of the new Commander. He well knew that he was far more necessary to the Navarrese insurgents than they were to him, and that he was in fact in a position to dictate his own terms. He felt assured, moreover, that as none of them had embraced the cause from mercenary motives, the loss of a portion of their pay, provided enough was left to supply their absolute necessities, would not diminish their ardour in the service. And it was his opinion, as his biographer informs us that the amount of a soldier's wages is of infinitely less importance for insuring his contentment. He therefore made it his unceasing care to provide sufficient funds for this purpose, and so long as he lived the pay of his men was rarely in arrear for any considerable time. The neglect of this precaution by his successors was the cause to which many of their misfortunes must be attributed.

In one case only was the Carlist leader lavish of money. His spies, or scouts, of whom he had a large number, were always as well paid as his

means would allow. Any one who brought valuable intelligence was sure to be amply rewarded. It may seem that in a country where all the peasantry were favourable to his party, and on the watch to assist him and mislead his enemies by every means in their power, precautions of this nature were hardly required. It is, however, only another instance of the Carlist leader's peculiar providence. He was well aware that in his position, contending with a small force against immense odds, a single mis-step might be ruinous; and he was accustomed to repeat a Spanish proverb, which admonishes that "in war we make but one mistake." On the other hand, his only hope of success, in the early part of the contest, lay in being able to effect a continual series of surprise upon the different divisions of the enemy's forces; and to this end it was indispensable that his information with regard to their movements should be precise and uninterrupted. It was for this object that he maintained his numerous corps of spies, and paid them so liberally.

One of his first acts in his new station was to release Iturralde from arrest, and restore him to the position which he had held under Ladrón as second in command. Another leader might have felt suspicious of a man who had betrayed so perverse a temper, and suffered so signal a mortification. But our hero knew the character of the person with whom he had to deal, and the event proved that he judged him correctly. Iturralde, in his subordinate post, was one of the most active, vigilant, and useful of the Carlist officers, and remained, throughout the vicissitudes of the war, faithful to the cause of his prince.

Not long after this, Don Benito Eraso arrived at the Carlist head-quarters. This distinguished officer was a Navarrese by birth, and had served, like Zumalacarrgui, in both the preceding wars. He was of noble family, and endowed with all the qualities calculated to win the affection of his countrymen, among whom his popularity was unbounded.

But for an attack of illness which obliged him to retire into France at the commencement of the outbreak, he would unquestionably have been chosen to succeed Ladrón in the command: and now, on his appearance in the camp, Zumalacarrgui, who perceived his fitness for the station, and knew the importance of preventing any feeling of dissatisfaction among his soldiers on so vital a point, instantly offered to resign the leadership to him, and serve under him as second.

Don Benito, with corresponding magnanimity, at once refused the offer, and this amicable contest was kept up for some time, in presence of Iturralde, "as if," says Caratigui, "they had proposed to give him a lesson." Finally, to put an end to the debate, Eraso wrote and signed a brief order, commanding the troops, in the name of Charles V, to continue to obey Zumalacarrgui, as Commander-General of Navarre, and to regard him as the second in authority. From this time the most complete and cordial friendship prevailed between these two noble-minded men, to the last day of their united career.

### CHINESE FISHING.

The most singular of all the methods of catching fish in China is that of training and employing a large species of cormorant for this purpose, generally called the fishing-cormorant. These are certainly wonderful birds. I have frequently met with them on the canals and lakes in the interior, and, had I not seen with my own eyes their extraordinary docility, I should have had great difficulty in bringing my mind to believe what authors have said about them. The first time I saw them was on a canal a few miles from Ning-po. I was then on my way to a celebrated temple in that quarter, where I intended to remain for some time, in order to make collections of objects of natural history in the neighbourhood. When the birds came in sight I immediately made my boatmen take in our sail, and we remained stationary for some time to observe their proceedings. There were two small boats, containing one man and about ten or twelve birds in each. The birds were standing perched on the sides of the little boat, and apparently had just arrived at the fishing ground, and were about to commence operations. They were now ordered out of the boats by their masters; and so well trained were they, that they went on the water immediately, scattered themselves over the canal, and began to look for fish. They have a beautiful sea-green eye, and quick as lightning, they see and dive upon the finny tribe, which, once caught in the sharp-notched bill of the bird, never by any possibility can escape. The cormorant now rises to the surface with the fish in its bill, and the moment he is seen by the Chinaman he is called back to the boat. As docile as a dog, he swims after his master, and allows himself to be pulled into the san pan, where he disgorges his prey, and again resumes his labours. And what is more wonderful still, if one of the cormorants gets hold of a fish of large size, so large that he would have some difficulty in taking it to the boat, some of the others, seeing his dilemma, hasten to his assistance, and with their efforts united capture the animal and haul him off to the boat. Sometimes a bird seemed to get lazy or playful, and swam about without attending to his business; and then the Chinaman, with a long bamboo which he also used for propelling the boat, struck the water near where the bird was, without however hurting him, calling out to him at the same time in an angry tone. Immediately, like the truant school-boy who neglects his lessons and is found out, the cormorant gives up his play and resumes his labours. A small string is put round the neck of the bird, to prevent him from swallowing the fish which he catches; and great care is taken that this string is placed and fastened so that it will not slip farther down upon his neck and choke him, which otherwise it would be very apt to do.

Since I first saw these birds on the Ning-po canal I have had opportunities of inspecting them and their operations in many other parts of China, more particularly in the country between the towns of Hang-chow-foo and Shanghai. I also saw great numbers of them on the river Min, near Foo-chow-foo. I was most anxious to get some living specimens, that I might take them home to England. Having great difficulty in inducing the Chinese to part with them, or, indeed, to speak at all on the subject, when I met them in the country, owing to our place of meeting being generally in those parts of the interior where the English are never seen, I applied to her Majesty's consul at Shanghai (Captain Balfour) who very kindly sent one of the Chinese connected with the consulate into the country, and procured two pairs for me. The difficulty now was to provide food for them on the voyage from Shanghai to Hong-Kong. We procured a large quantity of live eels, this being a principal part of their food, and put them into a jar of mud and fresh water. These they eat in a most voracious manner, swallowing them whole, and, in many instances, vomiting them afterwards. If one bird was unlucky enough to vomit his eel, he was fortunate indeed if he caught it again, for another, as voracious as himself, would instantly seize it, and swallow it in a moment. Often they would fight stoutly for the fish, and then it either became the property of one, or, as often happened, their sharp bills divided the prey, and each ran off and devoured the half which fell to his share. During the passage down we ex-



countered a heavy gale at sea; and as the vessel was one of those small clipper schooners, she pitched and rolled very much, shipping seas from bow to stern, which set every thing on her decks swimming. I put my head out of the cabin-door when the gale was at its height, and the first thing I saw was the cormorants devouring the eels, which were floating all over the decks. I then knew that the jar must have been turned over or smashed to pieces, and that of course all the eels which escaped the bills of the cormorants were now swimming in the ocean. After this I was obliged to feed them upon any thing on board which I could find; but when I arrived at Hong-Kong they were not in very good condition: two of them died soon after; and as there was no hope of taking the others home alive, I was obliged to kill them and preserve their skins.

The Chinaman from whom I bought these birds has a large establishment for fishing and breeding the birds about thirty or forty miles from Shanghai, and between that town and Chapoo. They sell at a high price amongst the Chinese themselves—I believe from six to eight dollars per pair, that is, from 30s. to 40s. As I was anxious to learn something of their food and habits, Mr. Medhurst, jun., interpreter to the British consulate at Shanghai, kindly undertook to put some questions to the man who brought them, and sent me the following notes connected with this subject: "The fish-catching birds eat small fish, yellow eels, and pulse-jelly. At 5 P. M. every day each bird will eat six taels (eight ounces) of eels or fish, and a catty of pulse-jelly. They lay eggs after three years, and in the fourth or fifth month. Hens are used to incubate the eggs. When about to lay, their faces turn red, and then a good hen must be prepared. The date must be clearly written upon the shells of the eggs laid, and they will hatch in twenty-five days. When hatched, take the young and put them upon cotton, spread upon some warm water, and feed them with eel's blood for five days. After five days they can be fed with eel's flesh chopped fine, and great care must be taken in watching them. When fishing, a straw tie must be put upon their necks, to prevent them from swallowing the fish when they catch them. In the eighth or ninth month of the year they will daily descend into the water at ten o'clock in the morning, and catch fish until five in the afternoon, when they will come on shore. They will continue to go on in this way until the third month, after which time they cannot fish until the eighth month comes round again. The male is easily known from the female, in being generally a larger bird, and in having a darker and more glossy feather, but more particularly in the size of the head, the head of the female being large, and that of the female small." Such are the habits of this extraordinary bird. As the months named in the note just quoted refer to the Chinese calendar, it follows that these birds do not fish in the summer months, but commence in autumn, about October, and end about May—periods agreeing nearly with the eighth and third month of the Chinese year.—*Fortune's China.*

### AN ADVENTURE IN HUNGARY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On the third day after his departure from Vienna, a horse dealer alighted at an inn situated at the entrance of a little town, which, to all appearance, was respectable and quiet. He recommended his horse to the care of the landlord, dried his clothes at the fire, and, as soon as supper was ready, sat down to the table with the host and his family, who appeared to be decent people.

During supper the traveller was asked where he came from, and on his answering from Vienna, they were all anxious to hear some news from the capital. The horse-dealer told them all he knew. The landlord then asked him what business had taken him to Vienna, to which he replied that he had been there to sell some of the very finest horses that had ever appeared in the market there.

At these words the landlord looked very significantly at the young man who sat opposite to him, and who appeared to be his son. His expressive glance did not escape the observation of the traveller, who however, took no notice of it; yet he very soon afterwards had cause to regret his want of caution. Being in want of repose, he begged the landlord, as soon as the supper was finished, to show him to his room. The landlord took a lamp, and conducted the traveller across a yard, into a detached building, which contained two tolerably neat rooms. A bed was prepared at the farther end of the second.

As soon as the landlord had retired the traveller undressed himself, unbuckled a money-belt containing a considerable sum in gold, and took out his pocket-book, which was full of Austrian bank-notes.

Having convinced himself that his money was right, he placed both under his pillow, extinguished the light, and soon fell asleep, thanking God and all the saints for the success of his journey. He had slept but an hour or two when he was suddenly awakened by the opening of the window, and immediately felt the night air blow upon him.

Started at this unforeseen circumstance, the traveller raised himself up in bed, and perceived the head and shoulders of a man, who was struggling to get into the room; at the same time he heard the voices of several persons who were standing under the window.

A dreadful terror seized our traveller, who gave himself up for lost; and scarcely knowing what he did, crept under the bed as quickly as possible. A moment afterwards a man sprang heavily into the room, and staggered up to the bed, supporting himself against the wall.

Confounded as the horse-dealer was, he nevertheless perceived that the intruder was inebriated; this circumstance however gave him little hope, for he had probably got intoxicated in order to summon up courage for the contemplated crime; besides this the traveller had heard the voices of persons outside, so that the murderer in case of resistance, could count upon the assistance of his comrades.

But how great was his astonishment when he saw the unknown person throw his coat upon the floor, and stretch himself upon the bed which he had just quitted! A few moments afterwards he heard the intruder snore, and his terror began gradually to give way to reflection, although the whole affair was quite incomprehensible to him.

He was just preparing to quit his hiding place, in order to awake the inmates of the house, and ask another bed in place of that from which he had been so unceremoniously expelled, when a new incident occurred.

He heard the outer door carefully opened, and, on listening, the sound of cautious footsteps, reached his ear. In a few moments, the door of his room opened, and two figures, those of the landlord and his son, stood on the threshold.

"Keep the lamp back!" muttered the father in a suppressed voice.

"What have we to fear?" said the young man; "we are two against one: besides he has only a small knife with him, and is sleeping soundly: hear how he snores."

"Do what I tell you," said the father, angrily: "do you wish to awake him? would you have his cries alarm the neighborhood?"

The horse-dealer was horrified with the spectacle. He remained motionless under the bed, scarcely daring to breathe. The son shut the door after him, and the two wretches approached the bed on tiptoe.

An instant afterwards, the bed was shook by a convulsive motion, and a stifled cry of pain, confirmed the foreboding, that the unhappy man in the bed, had had his throat cut. After a short pause, of awful silence, the landlord said:

"It is over now: look for the money."

"I have found it under the pillow," said the son; it is in a leathern belt and a pocket book."

The murderers disappeared.

Everything being now quiet, the traveller crept from under the bed, jumped out of the window, and hastened to the adjoining town to inform the authorities of what had happened.

The mayor immediately assembled the military, and in less than three-quarters of an hour, the inn was surrounded by soldiers who had been summoned to arrest the murderers. The whole house seemed buried in profound silence, but on approaching the stables they heard a noise. The door was immediately broken in, and the landlord and his son were seen busily digging a pit. As soon as the murderers saw the horse-dealer, they uttered a cry of horror, covered their faces with their hands, and fell to the ground.

This was neither from repentance nor the fear of punishment, but they thought they saw before them the ghost of the murdered man, notwithstanding they heard him speak. There was some trouble in convincing them to the contrary. They were then bound, and led to the out-house, where the horrible deed had been committed, anxious to see how the enigma would be solved.

The prisoners appeared tolerably collected, at least calm and sullen; but, when on entering the room, they perceived the body which lay on the bed, the son fell senseless to the earth, and the father threw himself upon it, with loud lamentations, clasped the bloody corpse, and exclaimed, despairingly:

"My son! oh my son! I, thy father, am thy murderer!"

The murdered man, was, in fact, the youngest son of the host. Drunkenness, was the only fault this young man had; and, this night, instead of being, as his father and brother supposed, in his own bed, he had gone out secretly, and been carousing, with some of his companions, at the ale-house.

Soon becoming sufficiently inebriated, and fearing his father's anger, if he appeared before him in that state, he intended to pass the night in the detached outhouse, as he had often done before. His companions had accompanied him thither, and helped him to climb up to the window. The rest requires no further explanation.

Nor, do we need to add, that the murderers expiated their crime with their life; and that the horse dealer, although saved, and again in possession of his plundered property, still shudders at the recollection of that dreadful night.

### RUSSIA'S INTERNAL LIFE.

Mystery is, according to the constitution of the human mind, the strongest incentive to curiosity; and as a necessary sequence, Russia, her state and doings, are objects of ceaseless, ever-increasing interest to the rest of Europe, in proportion to the depth and impenetrability of the veil with which her present ruler has surrounded all his predecessors in dexterously wrapping round her colossal form. Even at this moment, the most contradictory reports are in circulation respecting the warlike gatherings, which, according to some, are noiselessly assembling towards the Prussian and Austrian frontiers, (and which, if we credit this on dit, has already excited the watchful observation, and even inquiries, of both Cabinets,) while, on the other hand, travellers are not wanting who affirm the whole an invention, and protest to have proceeded from Warsaw to Cracow, without encountering larger bodies of Russian military than the usual frontier Watch Posts! And yet, not only private letters, but the *Posen Gazette*, depict the aspect of affairs as threateningly warlike, and confirm the assertion, made some time since by the "Constitutionnel, that the naval, no less than the land forces of Russia, are being placed on a footing of unusual activity; that the docks in Sebastopol contain several steam frigates in a state of great forwardness; that the workmen in the arsenals are employed by night as well as by day; and that the Imperial foundries are busied with the preparation of vast quantities of bombs and cannon balls. But, after all, let other nations talk and conjecture as they may, the veil, if even momentarily blown aside by some casual and accidental breeze, hangs on the whole so motionless and impenetrably dark over the face of Russian politics, that not even a wandering scrap of information, which might perchance reach the subjects of Nicholas through foreign diplomacy, is suffered to meet their eye. A curious and instructive proof of scrupulous adherence to the Russian principle, that, to its subjects, "ignorance is bliss," was evinced in the recent erasure by the St. Petersburg censorship, of a so wholly inoffensive piece of intelligence as the quotation from a French newspaper, that a treaty of commerce had been concluded between France and Russia! Ye even this was deemed by the Imperial Censor an unwarrantable breach of diplomatic secrecy. Nor do those in other countries, who can boast having intimate friends or relatives residing in St. Petersburg or Moscow, fare a whit the better as to intelligence from that "terra incognita," since they are unable to form, far less to convey, an idea of any political contingency, or to draw a conclusion of ought to come, by analogy, with what is past. Nay, it is even asserted that, with the exception of the very few initiated, (and dearly is the honour of a confidential position purchased, with the danger of a trip to Siberia, should any stray piece of intelligence—of whose escape they mayhap know nothing—be laid to the charge of their negligence or loquacity,) it is confidently asserted, that the inhabitants of St. Petersburg itself are not only profoundly but contentedly ignorant of all that passes, either in the Cabinet or the Provinces, and receive, with a perfect and unquestioning faith, whatever the "Imperial Gazette" is pleased to announce, should it even be the complete annihilation of the Circassians, at the very moment when unusually large levies would lead less believing nations to suspect a conquered people could not require a reinforced army to receive their submission! Under such circumstances, foreigners must rejoice, when, like Parnell's hermit, either "books or swains" come in their way, from whom they may learn something of this "world from which they are shut out;" and as the latter are, generally speaking, anything rather than communicative, (as those who could tell, will not, and those who are willing, cannot,) books prove, after all, the surest as well as most abundant source whereto to slake our thirst for Russian information. Of these, modern times have been tolerably prolific. "Russia, in 1839," by le Marquis de Custine, has excited too much discussion,



and been too widely circulated, both in the original and translations, to be more than adverted to here; and, despite the furious attacks which have been made on his statements, and the mistakes or exaggerations which have been occasionally proved against him, the impartial critic must still allow that successive attempts to explore the dark secrets of the "chambers" of Russian "imagery" have shown "greater," rather than less, "abominations" than he reveals. Among the latest writers on Russia, none has assumed a more dignified and credible—because moderate, and yet nobly fearless and decisive—style than the author of a deeply-interesting publication, which appeared in 1846, under the title of "Russia's Internal Life, or the Thirty-Three Years' Experience of a German in Russia; 3 vols.; Brunswick, 1846." No one can read the book without acknowledging it as one of the most remarkable productions on the subject.

The author has striven, and not unsuccessfully, to redeem for the result of his personal observation the defect of anonymous authorship, (the motives for which are neither difficult to divine nor to appreciate,) by the production of documentary and other collateral evidence in support of his assertions. In the preface, he addresses himself to his countrymen in the following terms:—"The kindness of my greeting would flow free and fuller, were it not troubled by the thought that the holiest sentiments and feelings, which fain would throw themselves warm and glowing into the arms of our common fatherland, cannot reach you, except tamed and despoiled of the native fire. Yet, let me simply remind you of the fact that, even so early as 1752, a Russian remonstrance was able to give its death-blow to a Frankfort journal! Learn, then, to know the principles as well as power of the land, whose rustling pine, and whispering birch forests, are forbidden to speak of what occurs under their shade!—whose orators laud absolutism and serfship, and exalt the monster fanaticism, until it can hide its horns in the clouds, and fasten its talons in the earth. Be on your guard, dear fellow-countrymen! Man travels by day, but destiny rolls onward in darkness! Russian blasts breathe destruction to every bud and blossom of German growth! I speak the truth! Let the warm affection which dictates this address assure to me your believing reception of my statements." The author proceeds to depict the Northern Colossus under three distinct aspects. Vol. I. commences with laying in a bold priming, in which the main colours of the future portrait are pretty distinctly discoverable, and in which he calls upon all Europe, but specially adjures his countrymen, to note his warning voice, as being more than any other free nation, bound by self-interest to watch the approaches of so formidable a neighbour, and build up, betimes, a rampart against his encroachments. He then enters on a pretty extensive discussion of the various authors who have written respecting Russia, whether natives of the Empire or foreigners, and takes decided part with the Marquis de Custine, whose portrait he identifies as correct in all the main features; and after strong animadversions on "Gretsch, Grimm, Tolstoi, & Co.," (the opponents of the Marquis,) enters into a lengthened critique on the censure of a later German Reviewer, who had pronounced the credibility of the Marquis as shaken, if not annihilated, by the counter publications of Gretsch, whose sweeping denials of some facts, and attempted, though seldom successful, sarcastic irony respecting others, the author of "Russia's Internal Life," finds as contrary to sound argument as to good taste. One quotation may serve to show the author's sentiment on this head:—"Once more (says he at page 16,) our German valleys are resounding with the old distich:—

'The Pope, the Devil, and the Russ,  
Again in Germany are loose.'

Ought I not, then, to lift my voice too in aid of truth? Do not thirty-three years' experience warrant, no less than enable me, to pay this just tribute to my native land? I have known the Russian Empire in her times of danger and of triumph. I have witnessed her periods of advancement and of retrogression. Though I cannot speak as an eye-witness of those days of political caprice, when, under Paul I., the phrases, 'stumpnose,' and 'baldhead,' were banished from Russia's vocabulary, I can bear witness to a time when the words, 'nature, philosophy, liberty, republic, and revolution,' gave such dire offence, that the censor expunged, and the orator shrunk from using them!

"But Europe has not long since received a portrait of Russia from the pencil of a Frenchman. The artist is the Marquis de Custine, and all, even superficially, acquainted with Russian physiognomy, must acknowledge a striking resemblance to the gigantic original. I, at least, recognised the likeness at a glance; and had the well-known features been sketched with charcoal on a mud wall, I must have exclaimed, that is Russia! What though closer examination, may compel the observation, the complexion is rather high or rather pale; what though the colours used to portray the social landscape may now be too thinly laid on, still it is a strikingly like portrait, and that not of what Russia might or ought to be, as it gives out, of what Russia is. The true merit of a portrait does not depend on its gilded frame, the sumptuousness of the costume, nor even the scientific adjustment of its colouring, but on the accuracy of its likeness to the original. The portrait gallery of Russian Generals, painted at the Emperor Alexander's desire, by the English artist, Dawe, betrays, when closely examined, much coarseness of execution, and many an inequality of surface; yet when viewed in the proper light, and from the due distance, each spectator is tempted to imagine the Generals as they lived and moved, drawn up before him. And assuredly no acknowledged defective finish ever suggested the thought to Alexander's successor, to banish those true and speaking likenesses from his palace! The Marquis de Custine's work produced, as might naturally have been foreseen, a great sensation, and the German-Russian sparrows fluttered and chirped with ludicrous astonishment, as if some horned owl had suddenly emerged from his nest, and sitting down, in full day-light, on a lofty oak, had related all that his piercing eyes had detected in the darkness; while in St. Petersburg itself, alarmed whisperings floated about, as if he were re-risen from the dead whom Russians fear no less than writing described as,—

"Na pole, on pervoi,"  
("First and chief in the battle field.")

"The general interest with which Custine's book was received, and the avidity with which it was read, both in France and Germany, induced a translation into the latter language, and the newspapers had already announced the German edition as to be had in all circulating libraries, when a report was circulated that the Russian counsellor, D'etat Gretsch, was appointed to travel through France and Germany, in order to disprove its statements. The journey took place, but not the disproof, at least not in Paris, where it would have been most in place; and that for the alleged reason that the Marquis de Custine's book was already forgotten in the French capital when the Russian counsellor reached it! The appearance of a second edition relieved the French author from the onus of rebutting this disparaging report, and the deeply-mortified Gretsch left the intractable Parisians to bestow the valuable gift of his

contradictions on the more teachable Germans. It must, therefore, have been peculiarly disagreeable to the honest defender of Russia's maligned honour, to find Germans quite as difficult to convince as Parisians." As a criterion of the probable fairness of the contending testimonies, our author states, (at page 36,) "We need but to reflect, that, even under the mild sway of the Emperor Alexander, Gretsch received a strong personal lesson on the danger incurred by uttering one single word which runs counter to the sentiment held by government; that he was, moreover, aware of the expulsion of his intimate friend Bulgarien for an offence of the tongue, as well as of Counsellor C—'s imprisonment in a fortress, for having (whilst holding the office of Censor) admitted one single number of Brockhan's Conversation Lexicon into the Empire, in order to judge of the conscience with which this same Gretsch can trumpet forth in the ears of Germany, that freedom of thought and speech is as great in St. Petersburg as in Berlin or London!" Let him put it to the proof! Let him avow openly—as Gans once did from his Professor's Chair in Berlin, "Gentlemen, the French Revolution was an unavoidable necessity!"—and where would we find the Russian Counsellor of State before the year was out? In his present post, or hunting the sables! Can he complain of injustice, then, when a German journalist exclaims, "May Russia never boast a better *advocatus diaboli* than he!"

The *coup de grace* having been thus bestowed on the Russian antagonist of the French Marquis, our author enters on a lively episode, entitled "Reminiscences of East Prussia," where evil impressions of Russia assailed him even before crossing its sinister border; and he expatiates with brotherly affection on the loyal and patriotic sentiments which he everywhere met, among the German-hearted inhabitants of that frontier land.

Proceeding onward towards Russia, by way of Poland, he as might be expected, pauses a moment to express a kindly sympathy for the subjection and present hopeless prostration of that ill-fated country. Chapter iii. describes his journey to St. Petersburg, and the motives which led to his final establishment in Russia. His first initiation into Russian manners might, indeed, we should think, have well rendered very powerful arguments needful to produce such a resolve. It is thus described, (p. 105.) "Where am I! Oh, the reply is sufficiently furnished by the appearance of a posse of Cossacks round my carriage, who conduct it, sabre in hand, as if escorting a dangerous criminal to the Douane. At a short distance from the dwelling of the Inspector of Customs stood two young Russian officers, apparently occupied with some very amusing subject of conversation, for they were laughing immoderately. Full in their view, a couple of soldiers were belabouring a motionless object before them with platted thongs of leather. The strokes followed each other with the rapidity and regularity of clock-work, and I, in my simplicity, conjectured the object of this tanning process to be a grey goatskin, which the soldiers were thus trying to limber, and which they had, as it seemed, spread for that purpose on a block of wood. How long they might have been so occupied before my arrival, I cannot say, but about ten minutes after the clock-work ceased playing, and I was amazed to perceive the supposed block of wood set itself in motion, and creep towards one of the laughers, who received it with a vigorous kick! I now learned from a by stander that this was a *Dentschnick*, or soldier, in the service of an officer, who had been guilty of the unpardonable offence of forgetting to carry his master's smoking pipe to a neighbouring house; in consequence of which, the officer had been necessitated to fetch it himself! What I had taken for a goatskin was the shirt of the poor wretch, which was now red with blood; and yet not a cry of pain, not even a convulsive tremor, no attempt to obtain mitigation or cessation of punishment. Was this, then, a man, or an automaton? It was one of those indomitable beings, a slave! The sluggish ox will be roused to rage and resistance by the first blow of the mallet on its brow, but this bleeding wretch crawled to utter his thanks for a merciful punishment at the feet of his tormentor! What a docile animal is man!

"I was then bona fide within the boundaries of Russia! I could no longer doubt it! and my not wholly iron nerves responded somewhat painfully to the conviction. I had been hungry, but appetite was banished by the scene I had just witnessed, and as a German recommended to me an inn some six miles in advance, kept by a native of Courland, I resolved to proceed. My trunk was not opened. My effects remained unexamined. The custom-officer felt more pleasure in gazing on the countenance of William III., impressed on a shining Prussian dollar, for which he held out his hand with the most complacent naivete. Having reached the inn to which I had been directed, I descended from my carriage, and leaning with all my weight against a door, it opened with a loud jar, and I found myself in a stable large as the Augean, but filled with hussars instead of oxen. In the midst stood a non-commissioned officer in a stooping posture, a carbine placed horizontally on each shoulder, across which a number of others were piled before and behind, while a corporal stood by, and occasionally shoved the instrument of torture backward or forward, to restore the equilibrium. I was directed to a door at the extremity of the stable. I entered, and perceived four officers engaged at cards. I proceeded into an inner room, where my dinner was served. When it was discussed, I prepared to return to my lumbering vehicle, but found the tortured soldier lying at full length on the steps which led from the stable to the sitting apartments, with all the carbines scattered around him. He was unable to stand. His shoulders were so swollen that it was perceptible through his uniform, and he fell over at every attempt to bring himself to an upright position. 'He has been already two hours under this martyrdom,' whispered the German innkeeper to me. 'He must sink under it, and his Captain has most likely forgotten him in his game.' Some of the hussars spoke to the host; I asked what they said, and learned they were urging him to apply to their officer in favour of their comrade. 'But it is no business of mine,' observed the innkeeper; 'besides, the Captain is very passionate.' 'Were he Belzebub himself, we must try,' cried I, returning to the sitting rooms; and with my host for interpreter, I related what I had just seen, and implored a termination of the punishment. 'Who are you?' demanded the Captain. I gave my name and rank. 'Since you are a foreigner, then, what right have you to meddle? Corporal, bind the brute to a tree if he will not stand!'

Indignant at this brutal disregard of my request, I muttered in French, regardless whether I were understood or not, 'Il est affreux que ce n'est que le Russe qui ait le droit de solliciter pour un malheureux!' 'Comment osez vous parler d'affreux,' shouted he with vehemence. When I was in Königsberg, Count de X. had given me a paper with these words, 'Should you chance upon any difficulties in your journey, show this; in our country protection is never superfluous!' I now, therefore, quietly drew this sheet of paper from my pocketbook, and handed it to the captain. No sooner had he glanced his eye over it, when he started up, exclaiming, 'Why did you not tell me at once to whom you were going? I am delighted to make your acquaintance! Corporal, let the fellow at liberty; he can go to the village!' And then turning to me with the blandest of smiles, he continued: 'You will surely spend



the day with us! The weather is uninviting, and to-morrow my own horses shall convey you to the next post horse station. You will not? Well, then, at all events, you cannot refuse a glass of Madeira to your safe journey? I declined all with thanks, which, in my secret soul, were all devoted to the provident kindness of the Count de X.

"From the Prussian frontier to St. Petersburg, neither hill nor valley greet the eye. On one monotonous level, 120 German (600 English) miles hold on their weary course; and throughout its whole extent, one does not encounter above four places which deserve the name of cities, viz., Mittau, Riga, Darpag, and Narwa. No wonder if strange feelings arise in the bosom of the traveller from civilized regions!

"Thirty German miles of soil, subject to Russian dominion, had been passed through, and no city or even market town had met my view! Memory could trace no equal extent of German territory, without being able to recon, at the least, ten towns of consideration within the same compass, and a half resolution to turn back on my steps, without proceeding farther in this anti-chamber to immeasurable space, arose in my mind. But Mittau appeared. I forgot my desire to return, and began even to fancy a Russian life no such intolerable affair. No thanks to Russia, however, for this, but solely to the civilization and social ardour which distinguish Mittau! I was there congratulated on my escape from the redoubted hussar captain, who was, it seems, equally renowned as a fire-eater among men, and as a reverential, most sensitive, and most successful adorer of the fair sex. One single anecdote may serve as the *ecce signum* of his gallantry.

"Mademoiselle de H—, of Mittau, sat one sultry summer eve, with her back to the open window, at her piano, in an apartment on *rez de Chaussee*, warbling forth Mehul's well-known, 'Venez, venez, mon secours!' Lightly as a Gazelle, he bounded through the window, and lay the next moment at the feet of the fair songstress. The redoubtable Captain P. was passing at the moment, chaunting forth, 'Je viens, je viens, a vos secours!'

On reading such fearful examples of mingled savage cruelty and insane levity, we may be inclined to comfort ourselves with the thought, that our author's description may be veracious, as regards thirty-three years since, and yet be wholly inapplicable to Russia in the present day. But the most recent testimony precludes the indulgence of so humane a supposition! A Breslaw journal of the 19th March gives the following anecdote as authentically illustrative of modern Russian military discipline: "An officer in Kalisch recently desired a soldier to fetch him some tobacco, commanding his return within five minutes, under the penalty of fifty lashes. The soldier ran at full speed, but unhappily forgot in his headlong haste, to pull off his cap (which is strictly enjoined,) in passing the dwelling of an officer. The master of the house being unfortunately at home, observed the heinous breach of discipline, and instantly commanded the offender to be brought back, who received fifty lashes for the misdemeanor on the spot! But that was not all, for the detention thus occasioned, necessarily precluded his return within the stipulated time with the tobacco, and accordingly, he received, in full tale, the promised fifty lashes from his own officer."

Chapter iv. depicts St. Petersburg and its advanced port, Cronstadt, as they were a century ago, and now are; and after many graphic descriptions, and lively illustrations, of society, manners and morals whether public or private, aristocratic or plebeian, concludes with a comparative glance at the land of the author's birth, and that of his temporary though long sojourn.

The following chapter is devoted to the Baltic Provinces, in which, after a rapid recapitulation of the events of 1812, and some amusing anecdotes of Russian bombast and gasconade respecting the French invasion, the author declares all his reminiscences of Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia, are calculated to inspire as much love and esteem for their German descended inhabitants, as commiseration, sympathy, and alarm for the fate which Russian intrigues are preparing for them.

Vol. II. commences with a portraiture of the horrors of slavery, and exhibits the serf, within and without his hut, as the victim of the most atrocious tyranny. "But," he exclaims, "Counsellor Gretsch asks 'Does not the slave dance and sing? Is he excluded from holiday pastimes? Is he not heard shouting with wild and savage delight in the street and market places?' Most true, he does all this, but what then? Does not the calf gambol in its tether, even while the butcher is whetting the slaughtering knife? Apart from all consideration of the degrading and brutalising nature of all slave enjoyments, is it not well-known that their indulgence is ever calculated to minister to the pride, and exhibit the stately superiority of their haughty masters! And, notwithstanding the legalised modes by which slaves may sometimes nominally emancipate themselves, is it not an undeniable fact, that every outlet from serfship is so well fenced and guarded that the *born* slave virtually abides such to his dying hour, though under another nomenclature, and with less palpable though not less real chains!

The second chapter of vol. II. lays open that seemingly incurable cancer, which eats into the vitals of Russian Society, viz., the police espionage, and the universal venality of public officers in all departments of the government.—"This," says our author, "is the well-spring of that frightful, all-pervading corruption and bribery, which has, in the lapse of ages, formed for itself a deep well of moral depravity, sending forth exhaustless streams of pestilential water to empoison every grade of society." Examples of the truth of this assertion are furnished in more than satisfying abundance, and the extent to which speculation is carried, both in naval and military departments, furnish some most amusing anecdotes. The Emperor Alexander is mentioned as having been so fully aware of the unscrupulously adventurous spirit of his naval commissariat, as to have exclaimed one day, "I verily believe they would steal my line-of-battle ships, if they knew where to hide them!" Chapter iii. treats of Russian jurisprudence, both in theory and practice. On this subject the author asks, "What hath man to do in the temple, if he hath no love to the God who is the worshipped? What avails human laws, if no respect is felt for them, no sense of equity cherished or even pretended to? Hence we need but to examine the principles and practice of a nation's code, in order to estimate the aggregate worth of the nation itself." Vol. III. commences by throwing some fearful light on the prisons of Russia, those Bastilles of 19th century, in which the suddenness of act, impenetrability of procedure, and secrecy of result, equal, if they do not surpass, the attainments of the Inquisition in its most palmy days. Siberia, too, obtains its share of notice, and authenticated anecdotes, adduced in confirmation of all the romance ever fancied of human suffering and despair-creating misery. The following chapters depict the ecclesiastical and educational arrangements of the empire; the public and private life of the bourgeoisie, the noblesse, and the government officers; summed up with a rapid but graphic sketch of the character and reign of Nicolas I., respecting whom personally the author expresses himself throughout the work in terms of the highest respect. "Never," says he, "is the truth fairly brought before

the Emperor, without meeting a cordial reception. Never is injustice knowingly committed, or redress voluntarily withheld by him."

But alas, "for poor short-sighted man, when he pretends to exercise absolute, uncontrolled, irresponsible dominion over his fellow-men." He must see with the eyes, hear with the ears, and act by the heads of others! And how little can he therefore insure that his most conscientious decision, or best intentioned order, is either founded on justice or executed according to command! The important, and, in some respects, mysterious subject of the Caucasian war, and a cursory notice of the Polish insurrection in 1830, conclude these interesting volumes, from which it is peculiarly difficult to make extracts, partly from the abundance of tempting anecdotes contending for selection, and partly from the intimate interweaving of argument and relation, which enforces the insertion of much or the omission of all. To be fully appreciated, the work must therefore be read as a whole, and it will be found well to reward the time of the German scholar.

## WATERSPOUTS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Naples, Jan. 30.

Among the most striking phenomena which takes place in the Mediterranean, attendant on the changes of weather, at and between the equinoxes, are what the mariners call "trombe di mare," "sifoni"—well known in England under the name of waterspouts. I have often watched them from the coast, rushing over the waste of waters like gigantic misty castles, urged on by some unseen power—tearing up, as it were, the sea in their course, and spreading terror and devastation around.

There is one point in particular whence I have gazed on them with more than usual awe and admiration—as they were borne in with a strong "mezzogiorno wind" through the lofty straits which separates Massa from the island of Capri.

There are lofty landmarks here, by which I could form some conception of their amazing height and bulk,—and then indulge my imagination in an estimate of their fearful force. Great is the terror with which the mariner puts to sea in unsettled weather during these seasons;—and with good reason, since to small craft these "trombe" bring certain destruction. It is no wonder, then, that, amongst a population superstitious and ignorant in the extreme, the resources of art and witchcraft are called in, to aid against so powerful an enemy.

Of the power of these "trombe" I have been several times a witness—and before alluding to a superstition generated by their phenomena, I will mention a circumstance which happened lately to myself.—I was standing on a cliff, overlooking the sea, along with an Italian friend—the air being comparatively tranquil—when in a moment I felt myself grasped, and encircled as it were, by an irresistible, unseen power; and in spite of my struggles, before I had time—even had I the power to think—I found myself sailing through the air at balloon speed.

All that I know is, that after a few moments of aerial travelling, I found myself pitched half way down the cliff with a terrible shock in the centre of an empty lime kiln, not far from the sea. There was another heavy fall—and my friend stood opposite me.

The shock was so violent, that, though we fell upon our feet, (having been encircled by a force equal at all points) we sank directly to the ground—and there sat gazing on each other, unable to move or speak. Fortunately no bone was broken; but the internal injuries were so severe as to confine us both to our bed for some time, and perhaps the external marks of injury received will always remain, to remind us of our dangerous and involuntary voyage.

The people said that there were "mal' ombre" in the lime kiln, who must have drawn us in; and attributed our safety to the intercession of the "Anime in Purgatorio," in return for some acts of charity. The fact was, however, that we had been taken possession of not by the devil, but by a "tromba di vento" on its passage seawards.

It is no wonder, I repeat, that by the mariners of Naples these terrible phenomena are attributed to demoniacal influence, and that exorcisms are used to break their force. The art of "cutting" them is quite a distinct branch of witchcraft here; and, few are the barks, who venture to the coral fishery, or the coasting trade without having one on board, "chi sa a bagliare trombe." I know several of these dabbles in the black art.

Mysterious characters they are, and regarded by their companions with a species of interest made up of fear and respect as if they had some intercourse with the evil one. If a tromba is seen approaching in the direction of a boat, the wizard goes forward, sending all the crew aft, that they may not be eyewitnesses of what he says or does; and using certain signs and words, and making a movement with his arm as if in the act of cutting, the enemy falls in two and disperses—as I was told by the mariners, who averred that they had often seen it done. The reply to my evident incredulity was,

"You, Senor, believe neither in the Madonna nor the Saints—and how should you believe in this?"

"Have you seen it done?" asked I.

"Gesù e Maria! many a time!" exclaimed several voices.

"Well," I said, "I should like to learn the mode of doing it. Send Aurelio to me"—a well known charmer of trombe.

"Ah, Signor, no one will tell you—sarebbe un gran peccato."

They who practise this art, or reveal it to others, I was informed, cannot receive absolution from an ordinary confessor. This branch of the black art is comprehended under the head of "maleficia"—one of the reserved sins to be found in the printed list of directions, appended in every confessional in Italy.

Contented with having thus far tested the faith of one class of believers, I determined to try another. Chance threw me into the society of an old officer of Murati—an intelligent and well educated man, to whom I spoke with some surprise of this prevalent superstition.

"Well," said he, "I cannot contradict the statements made by the mariners—I do not, of course, believe in witchcraft; and can only suppose that such things are done—for done they are—in conformity with certain physical laws of which we are ignorant. But I will tell you what happened in my presence.

I was once, when stationed at Ponza, going on board a small boat from that island to Ventotene, when a 'burrasca' came on; and presently one of these awful 'trombe' was seen bearing down upon us. I was overcome with terror; for I knew that if we met it our ruin was certain—and there the monster was, coming down upon us right ahead. A man who sat by me, seeing my terror, calmly said,

'Don't be alarmed—there is no danger. When it comes sufficiently near, I will cut it.'

Accordingly as it approached ploughing up the sea, and ready to engulf us, he



rose and went forward to the bows—permitting no one to follow him. Then, using some words, and moving his hands in which he held a knife, as in the act of cutting—the 'tromba' was dissipated in a moment.

How it was, I do not attempt to explain: but I tell the fact as it happened in my presence."

Here, then, we have the testimony of the representative of another class to his belief in the fact of the "tromba" being dissipated by some unknown means—though he professed not to believe in witchcraft. I am inclined to think that my friend was not altogether incredulous of devilry; but be that as it may, I send you these notions of superstition commonly entertained here, as likely to interest your readers.

## THE POLITE ARTS, USEFUL AND PRACTICAL.

BY JOHN CARROLL BRENT.

No. VIII.

I commented freely in my last on the frauds practised upon the self-styled friends of Art by picture-dealers and manufacturers, and urged a prompt and effective remedy to this serious evil. The New York Mirror observes, appositely, on the subject of "Old Paintings and New Furniture," "It is a melan choly fact, that, generally speaking, we are in a state of semi-barbarism as regards Painting, except, indeed, it be portrait painting; and daubs of that description may be found covering, not adorning, the walls of our mansions. But visit the houses of the so-styled aristocracy, in which luxury meets the view at every turn, where the value of the furniture of one room alone would furnish a moderate sized dwelling with every comfort, and, generally speaking, you look in vain for the works of the great Masters, or for one evidence that the mind of the owner of all this finery has ever been elevated to the contemplation of the silent but eloquent beauties, traced by the pencil of the inspired limner."

That other journals and periodicals of this country would use language like this! If the press and the intellect of the land raise a strong and general protest against the perpetration of such abominations, then may we hope for reform and improvement.

As the Mirror alludes to the general preference for portrait painting over every other and higher branch in this country, I cannot refrain from quoting the witty and sarcastic squib emitted by that funny fellow, "The London Punch." It suits equally well these latitudes and is ycleped "A Portrait Soiree." Our comical satirist discourses in this wise:

"The abundance of portraits that are being exhibited at the Royal Academy may furnish a valuable suggestion to those who are in the habit of giving expensive parties; for all the objects of visiting may be accomplished without any of the cost or inconvenience. Considering how little requiring either intellect or animation goes on at a fashionable soiree, it is quite clear that the people who wish merely to see their friends, might derive as much satisfaction from seeing their portraits. If every person invited to an evening party might send his likeness as a substitute for himself, a great deal of unnecessary expense would be saved in the way of dress to the guest, while the host would not have to lay out money in entertaining him. A portrait soiree would at least be something new in the fashionable world, and if only on that account, there is every chance of its becoming popular in the higher circles. Some idea may be formed of the effect of such an assemblage from the present aspect of the rooms at the Royal Academy; and as many go to parties only to have their appearance canvassed, by having themselves canvassed before they went, much trouble would be saved to those who make it their business."

I have heard of a gentleman who had his portrait engraved on his visiting cards, thus giving his countenance to his friends, if not his person. Now, I would respectfully suggest as an addition to Punch's capital idea, that the example of the aforesaid gentleman be generally imitated, and the portrait painter, engraver, and Daguerreotype be called into requisition in a manner which must prove so popular and convenient. Let the "upper ten thousand" adopt the very ingenious suggestion of the London wit, and my humble addition, and the Arts will profit by the experiment. People will "kill two birds with one stone"—a process peculiarly suited to our money-loving and money-making community. They will simultaneously consult economy, and foster the Fine Arts.

Besides, the importation and manufacture of so-styled old Paintings, and the indisposition on the part of amateurs to encourage the new, the universal preference of our people for portraits to the exclusion of everything else, is a real, great, and growing nuisance. Portrait Painting I acknowledge to be a beautiful and useful branch of the Fine Arts. It is not only natural, but our duty, to have the faces and forms of those we love and esteem perpetuated upon canvas. So that when they shall have gone "to that bourne whence no traveller returns," we may, whilst gazing on their lineaments thus fixed and imitated, recall their virtues, and make their tenure on our memory and affection stronger and deeper. How often do we hear friends express the vain regret for not having had a parent's, brother's, or a sister's countenance preserved, and rendered present, though gone and faded into the darkness of the tomb, by the brush or chisel of some gifted Artist! Alas! when all too late, the bereaved and sorrowing relatives deplore the omission of which they have been guilty, and possessing no pictured canvas or marbled bust to give form and substance to their recollections, in course of time retain but a faint and vague resemblance of the departed. But whilst confessing the necessity and importance of this art in the gratification of social wants, family attachments and recollections, and last but not least, of personal vanity, I can never patiently observe it encroaching upon the other noble and more difficult branches, without raising my feeble voice in protest and admonition. There is room enough in the world for all and each. The Artist who gives "a local habitation and a name" to the events of history or tradition, and reflects permanently on canvas the charms of living Nature, and he who makes man his study, and catches his form and expression, to perpetuate them with brush and chisel, should each have his appropriate sphere and merited reward. It is for an intelligent public to distinguish between them, and to honor them with encouragement and appreciation. This can never be done so long as the present fondness for counterfeit old paintings and daubs, called portraits, prevails. Whilst "connoisseurs," in the language of the Author of "Gems of European Art," "lavish thousands in purchasing examples of dead genius, to expending hundreds in protecting, nourishing, and perfecting painters who have been compelled to achieve greatness unaided, and whose productions glorify a country that supplied no other recompense than praise," but little or no progress in the right direction can be anticipated. If we can be taught to appreciate and foster our own genius, and shake off the intellectual yoke yet pressed upon our necks by British and foreign arrogance and dictation, then will there be no occasion for remorse such as the following. The article I refer to is from a

London correspondent of the Evening Post, presumed to be the Editor, (Mr. Bryant.) Speaking of Power's Statue of Eve, he says:

"It has fixed the reputation of Powers and made his fortune. The possessor of the Statue, a Mr. Grant, has refused to dispose of it, except to a public institution. The value which is set upon it may be inferred from the circumstance that one of the richest noblemen in England told 'the person who had charge of the Statue, that if Grant would accept of two hundred pounds sterling for it, he would be glad to send him a check for the amount.' 'Some attempts have been made to disparage its merits, for the world of Art here is slow to admit the claims of transatlantic genius, but they have been drowned and silenced in the general voice of involuntary admiration. I hear, that since the exhibition of the Statue, orders have been sent to Powers from England for works of sculpture, which will keep him employed for years to come.'"

This should be cheering news to every American; for our Republic is honored in the success of our gifted Artist. I feel a glow of pride that he is a native born American. Would that I could also feel proud because his own country has appreciated and rewarded him according to his merits! But his path is onwards; his flight upwards; "Excelsior" is his watchword; and glory will crown his exertions. America will be one day proud of having given him birth, and will blush that she did so little for him when in need.

As an additional proof that "the world of Art" in England is slow to "admit the claims of transatlantic genius," I may be pardoned for stating, upon the information of a friend abroad, that even the talents of our Doughty have failed, so far, to make a due sensation in London. Knowing, as many of your readers do, that his rank is among the first of our Artists, there can be no other reason assigned for this absence of appreciation among the rich and titled of England than that jealousy and ill-will which we in this country foster and encourage by neglect of our best genius, and a servile submission to the "ipse dixit" of some European critic.

Before concluding this paper, may I not be allowed to express a natural surprise and indignation, that we allow such men as Powers, Doughty, and Healy to carry their genius to foreign parts, in search of that patronage and notice which our ungrateful country denies them at home? Is this to be ever so, and the coin of merit be deemed current and genuine only after it has received the stamp of a foreign merit?

In the words, strong and stirring of the Knickerbocker, "Citizens of wealth, encourage all that may serve to encourage American Art, so that by and by, we may exclaim, whenever it is proposed to supply us with pictures from abroad, What, send to Europe for good paintings! Fetch Coals to Newcastle!"

## JENNY LIND.

Under the head of "The Battle of the Operas," there is a very agreeable sketch [published in the June number of the "Democratic Review,] of the rivalry which has been carried on between the Italian Opera House, and Covent Garden, in the course of which a memoir of Jenny Lind is given, which would seem to justify all the enthusiastic admiration which the Swedish Nightingale has everywhere awakened.

Jenny Lind's engagement, by Mr. Lumley, is considered to be so lucky a hit, that with her alone, he can defy all the opposition of Covent Garden, and from the impatience with which her first appearance was waited for in London, there can be little risk, even with the very large sums which the manager has bound himself for, of loss on his part. These sums, according to the writer, amounted to several thousands, for previous engagements in Germany and London, in addition to the payment of five thousand pounds, (twenty-five thousand dollars,) for three months' performances, and all the expenses of the Songstress, during her residence in London, to be also paid!

We extract from the article the following account of the impression made upon the writer, by the Syren Jenny at her last rehearsal, on the 3d of May, the day before her debut, and of our last dates from London.

"It was a privilege, indeed, for all London was crazy to hear her, and I followed the fashion, of course. The first nobleman in the land would have paid hundreds to get one peep only of a rehearsal, but Mr. Lumley was inexorable. My departure excepted me. Overwhelmed with engagements, I set half an hour aside, of my last day in London, to see one act of the opera, Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, rehearsed, and I repaired to the house at one o'clock. I was amused at the opposition of a legion of door-keepers to the prohibited ground, and my 'authority' was called for oftener even than rail-road tickets on the Amboy line. I was shown into a box, where I sat in darkness. The vast surface of the interior of the opera—I mean the six tiers of boxes—was hung over with canvas cloth, and through a small aperture through which I looked out, a brilliant string of gas lights ran over the heads of the orchestra, throwing its strong glare on their music books and lighting up the stage. At the moment I took my place the third act was on, Mademoiselle Rosati, a charming dancer, was rehearsing her part of the resuscitated nun, and executed delightfully. At any other time it would have been diverting; but I had only a half an hour—not a minute to lose. At last the curtain fell, but horror! a quarter of an hour's repose was announced by the leader. I paced up and down the dark corridor till I nearly broke my head against all the corners. The bell rung and the fourth act began with a chorus. I shall never forgive Mr. Balfe, the leader, for making them repeat it the fourth time entire. This act lasted over an hour, and Jenny Lind never appeared in it. I waxed wrathful at this outrageous delay, as if any body could help it—clapped on my hat with a—"hang Jenny Lind," and I groped my way out. But the idea of going to America to be tormented to death by people wondering why I didn't stay a day longer, which would have cost me two weeks by steamer-regulation, drove me back again, and the fifth act began. The tenor, Fraschini, opened. He sang sweetly. The music began to play its old tricks with me, and tears stood in my eyes. The wonderful basso, Staudigl, who enacted *Robert le Diable*, came on, and rivalled in richness and volume the deep-toned echoes of the organ. Deeply excited, I stretched forward for Alice, who at last advanced. The light was too dim to distinguish features, but the well shaped person of a young and finely made woman occupied the middle of the stage. She was, as usual, at rehearsal in ordinary dress, and I could see wore a rich shawl, and a white kerchief in her hand. Could this be Jenny Lind? In a few minutes she joined in the trio, and with a thrill I felt yes, this was the enchantress. The voice rose clear, steadily and strong, full in volume, immense in compass, and under perfect control. Its reverberations filled every corner of the theatre, and rang brightly from the dome above. But what was there so peculiar in it, so unlike anything I ever heard before? I listened, till my ears ached with straining.

"It is clear as a bell," I said unconsciously, completely puzzled; when lo! it struck me there was another resemblance—it was metallic in its



sound, also like that of a bell; with the softness of a flute, it had the brassy echo of metal. Its effect on me through the whole act was strange and irresistible, but I shall not dwell on it now. Jenny Lind merely rehearsed her singing without pretending to act. She remained perfectly unmoved, and I was bitterly regretting that I should lose all chance of judging of her dramatic powers, when in the closing scene where Robert seizes his intended victim Herold by the arm and uses all his diabolical fascination to win him away, Staudigl sang and played with such inimitable skill as to extort a 'bravo' from the orchestra. This no doubt inspired Jenny. She caught her lover by the arm with an air of desperate earnestness, and I saw at once she was roused. She gave way to her feelings, and in her fierce struggle to save her betrothed from the infernal arts of his tempter, she displayed in her splendid acting that consummate excellence which nothing but heavenly genius may aspire to. I shall never forget her when dragging her lover up the stage, the fiend still clinging to his coveted prey; her acting was so natural, intense, and affecting, and her voice, in its fitful bursts of anguish, gave such electric effect to the agony of the struggle, that I rose unconsciously to my feet, and joined almost frantically in the enthusiastic applause of every soul present.

"I left the Opera-house immediately, and London that night, but all the waves of the broad Atlantic have not washed from my memory that hour. The next steamer will bring the result. Can any one doubt it? Could Jenny Lind fail? In all probability, however, she did on the first night, for such, I understand, was her extreme terror at the tremendous excitement pervading all London, from the palace to the gin-shop, that she said she was sure that her voice would utterly abandon her the moment she came before the house; and I heard the celebrated Lablache remark that, in attempting to sing for the first time before him, such was her keen apprehension of his judgment that she began no less than five times before she could summon resolution to go on.

"But though she may fail on the first, the second, and the third trial, yet on the night that she sings and plays—as she only of all artists living can do—will never be forgotten by those, *oh, fortunati nimum*, who may be there to witness."

### LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

It is a remarkable fact that the three individuals who have rendered themselves most conspicuous in history as the first movers of the great Revolution in France, all belonged to that class against which that political catastrophe more especially directed its thunders. Mirabeau, Talleyrand, and Lafayette, were severally members of the *ancienne noblesse*.

These illustrious persons entered life almost altogether. Mirabeau was born on the 9th March, 1749, Talleyrand on the 13th February, 1754, and Lafayette on the 6th September, 1757. The first lived only to speak the prologue of the drama; the last two were upon the stage at the fall of the curtain.

The family of Talleyrand was ancient and noble. It preserved among its traditions, alliances with the Bourbons themselves. In the middle ages the Perigords were petty sovereigns, who, not unfrequently resisted even the monarch in arms. Before the Revolution, the elder branch was extinct, and the younger consisted of two stems, one of which is at present represented by the Princes of Chalais, and the other by the grand nephew of the celebrated diplomatist the Duke Archambaud de Perigord.

Although Charles Maurice was the eldest of his branch, he was, for some reasons now unknown, an object of neglect with his parents. Abandoned in infancy to the mercenary care of a nurse in the Faubourgs of Paris, he suffered an accident which rendered him lame for life, before he completed his first year. Either from this or some other cause, he was, by the arbitrary will of his family, deprived of his birth right, stripped of those advantages to which, by primogeniture, he was under the then existing usages entitled, and saw the wealth, titles, and honours which should have been his, transferred to his younger brother, Archambaud. In fine, he was consigned to that receptacle served out to the younger members of noble families—the Church.

From the roof of his nurse he passed to the College of D'Harcourt, from whence in succession, as he grew in years, he was transferred to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and the Sorbonne. From his birth to his adolescence, he never once slept under the paternal roof—a circumstance which he never afterwards ceased to remember, and which assuredly mingled in no small degree with the incivility which promoted him later to aid in the demolition of that corrupt aristocracy, of which he was, by birth and blood, a member, and by unnatural neglect, and personal cruelty, a victim. Deprived of that protection and guidance, which well-directed paternal care might have supplied, he was, from the earliest infancy, thrown upon the resources of his own mind. He presents a rare instance of one who, being born with all the advantages of title, rank, and wealth, has had, nevertheless, to struggle against the difficulties of a parvenu, and has risen by the sheer force of natural genius to a position even higher than that of which the injustice of his parents had deprived him.

It rarely happens that education produces on highly endowed minds change so important as those which Talleyrand exhibited. Naturally acute, he became cautious; naturally strong he became learned; naturally quick, he became contemplative; naturally rash, he became adroit; naturally ardent, he became reserved; naturally precipitate, he became circumspect.

Few have been more highly gifted by nature, and still fewer have been more largely indebted to educational discipline. The destination assigned to him by his family as the sure means of covering him with obscurity and consigning his name to oblivion, proved to be the certain and efficacious means of surrounding him with splendour; and registering his name on the page of history beside, and above those of monarchs.

To the ecclesiastical discipline of St. Sulpice and Sorbonne, he was largely indebted for the culture of that faculty of patient observation and the sharpening of that perspicacity which conferred upon him his matchless penetration into human character. The habits of thought, and practice of investigation, there acquired, taught him to moderate the ardour of his ambition, and proceed towards its objects by sure but slow processes, making good each step before venturing further progress, and never advancing without the utmost circumspection.

He there, also, first gained that aptitude to seize opportunity, as circumstances produced it, that promptitude to accept all the advantages of events without precipitating them and unparalleled power of directing the will of others to his own purposes, which so eminently distinguished him in his long career.

It was near the close of the reign of Louis XV. that he took priest's orders, and entered the world as the Abbe de Perigord. The new ideas which from the academy had spread through society, were not rejected by ecclesiastics. At the same time liberal doctrines in politics found advocates among the

priesthood, the general corruption of morals also found acceptance there. Lafayette never forgot a characteristic scene of which as youth he was a personal witness, and which signalized the age in a remarkable manner:—

"When I was first presented to his Majesty Louis XV.," that venerable patriot of two revolutions used to say, "I well remember finding the eldest son of the Church, the King of France and Navarre seated at a table between a bishop and a prostitute. At the same table was seated an aged philosopher, whose writings had conferred lustre on the age in which he flourished; one whose whole life had been spent in sapping the foundation of Christianity and undermining monarchy. Yet was this philosopher at that moment the object of honour from monarchs and homage from countries. A young abbe entered with me, not to be presented to royalty, but to ask the benediction of this enemy of the altar. The name of the aged philosopher was Voltaire, and that of the young Abbe was Charles Maurice Talleyrand!!"

Such was the state of morals, when Talleyrand, in opposition to all his instincts, was enrolled among the priesthood. Ill at ease in the position into which he was thus forced, and countenanced by the almost universal practice of his colleagues in the sacred profession, he plunged into that libertinism which far from retarding advancement in the Church was often the surest means of obtaining it. But although given without scruple to the indulgence in licentious pleasures, and courting rather than shunning notoriety for gallantry, his serious hours were devoted to those studies which the struggle, whose advent he plainly perceived, would require. He saw that the existing system of society was tottering. He knew that the hour was at hand when something would be necessary to command success and rise to eminence more than an illustrious family brilliant accomplishments, sparkling wit, and seducing manners.

In the midst of vice, therefore, he studied philosophy, in the midst of national profusion, he studied political economy; involved in the intrigues of corrupt court, he studied men; and rioting in the licentious pleasures offered by the wantons of a palace, he acquired a consummate knowledge of the practical business of life, and prepared to aid in pulling down the social edifice preparatory to its reconstruction, when the destined time should arrive. It was his fate to see it in ruins, and to witness at fourscore the complete structure which has been erected on its foundation.

Such was Talleyrand, entering the world of action; uniting the ardour of youth, with the experience of age; mingling gallantry, play, and pleasure with osophy, business, and politics; affiliated to the sect of economists; a favourite of the boudoir; consulted by financiers; courted by the sex; a favourite of social progress; a patron of anglo-American doctrines; mixing in the intrigues of the cabinet; lending the aid of his wit and his pen successively to Necker, Calonne, and Brienne, and again to Necker; and, in fine, combining with those external graces of manner which seduce, all the sarcasm and sang froid which excite fear and compel respect.

A portrait of the future diplomat, drawn at this time with some ability, by one who had abundant opportunities of observing him, has come down to us. He is described under the pseudonyme of Amene:—

"Amene is gifted with those charming forms which would embellish even virtue itself. The first instrument of his success is his excellent understanding. In his judgment of men he exercises that indulgence, and in his estimate of events that sang froid; in all cases he observes that moderation which are the genuine marks of wisdom. . . . He does not imagine that the structure of a great reputation is to be raised in a day. But he will assuredly accomplish that object, for he will never fail to seize those occasions which Fortune so frequently offers to those who do not violently assail her."

Before the Revolution, the clergy, constituting one of the estates of the realm, possessed immense wealth. Its annual income amounted to not less than one-fourth of the whole revenue of the kingdom. They appointed their own intendants and ministers, and taxed themselves. The management of this immense property was placed under the superintendence of a general agent, who held his office for a period of five years, and reported to the assembly of the clergy the state of the revenues. The Abbe de Perigord having manifested great capacity for affairs, and being recommended, moreover, by his high descent, was elected to this office in 1780. In the exercise of its functions, he still further developed his ability as a man of business and a financier, and rose rapidly in public estimation.

How little influence his professional position had in withdrawing him from the active interests of life, is illustrated by an anecdote which has been transmitted of him at this period.

The American war then excited universal interest, in which the general agent of the French clergy largely shared. Moved by this feeling, he, in concert with his friend Count de Choiseul Gouffier, fitted out a privateer, to be sent against the English, for which the Marshal de Castries, then Minister of Marine, supplied guns. The building and fitting out of a privateer by an Abbe, to aid a population in arms against their legitimate sovereign, is strikingly characteristic of the times in which Pope Benedict XIV. accepted from Voltaire the dedication of Mahomet, and when the sallies of Beaumarchais against the follies and vices of the noblesse were listened to with applause by the court.

In fact, the dominant power of reason was just beginning to assert itself, and to be tacitly admitted by those whom its abuse was soon destined to involve in one general ruin. Its irresistible influence had already softened the rigours of the despot, mitigated the intolerance of the priest, and lowered the arrogance of the noble. Without yet confounding classes, it had created social relations between them.

The Revolution had commenced unperceived. It was, however, as yet confined to mental and moral effects—property did not tremble, and rights were not menaced; the understanding alone was agreeably stimulated by the novelty of the theories which were passed before it, invested with the glowing language and magnificent imagery of those whose works have since commanded the admiration of another generation. Material possessions were undisturbed—ideas alone were changed. Hopes of the future had all their enthusiasm—the losses and the evils of change had not yet produced their regrets. It was in such a condition of society that Talleyrand made his debut in active public life, as a pupil of that school which had Voltaire for its master, sovereigns and illustrious nobles for its disciples, the rights of intellect for its creed, and human progress for its object.

The disorder of the public finances produced extensive operations among speculators on the Bourse, and in these transactions Talleyrand mingled extensively, acquiring that ill-repute for stock jobbing and gambling in the funds which adhered to him throughout his entire public life. Intimately connected with Mirabeau, as well by the common objects of their ambition, as by dissolute habits and unbounded indulgence in pleasure, they plunged together into all the delirium of speculation which constituted the business of financiers during the last years of the monarchy.



Meanwhile, the condition of the State became worse and worse. Ministers succeeded minister—each transferring to the shoulders of his successor a heavier and heavier deficit, and each affording more conclusive proof of the inefficacy of all palliatives. At length the sceptre of the Revolution elevated its terrific form behind the cloud of fiscal embarrassments. The States-General, in fine, were convoked, and the three orders—the Nobles, the Clergy, and the Commons—were brought face to face in solemn conclave.

When the revolution of ideas had ripened into the revolution of institutions, Talleyrand was selected as one of that assembly of Notables convened to ascertain the public wants, rather than to satisfy them. When the States-General, which alone could effect real reforms, were convened, he was elected as the deputy of the diocese of Autun, over which he had been nominated bishop in 1788. On that occasion he addressed to his constituents a discourse, in which deeply convinced of the vast changes which were impending, he, with that instinct for which he was afterwards so remarkable, went boldly in advance of events, and proclaimed those doctrines afterwards established at the sacrifice of so much blood. A noble, he asserted the equality of classes, and the community of rights: a prelate, he claimed the freedom of thought. Such were the declared principles on which he presented himself in the States-General where he immediately became one of the most zealous partisans of the Revolution. There he found himself associated with kindred minds, animated by common sympathies, and each pursuing the same object by various means, according to the peculiar qualities and characters with which they were respectively endowed.

While Talleyrand consecrated to that great cause his ability, Sieyès gave it his intelligence, Mirabeau his eloquence, Bailly his virtue, Lafayette his high chivalrous honor, and a constellation of other illustrious men, their genius and their devotion.

Having entered the constituent assembly, he at once took that place to which his superior talent and precocious experience so eminently entitled him. After the question of the union of the order had been settled, the next in importance was the establishment of a perfect freedom of voting. This could not be regarded as compatible with the observance of pledges, which had been in many cases extorted from candidates at the elections, as has been since so often the case elsewhere. Against such pledges Talleyrand emphatically declared himself, and demonstrated that the observance of them would deprive the assembly at once of its dignity and utility; that it would convert a solemn deliberative body, intended to exercise the most exalted functions, into a mere assembly of commissioners, each of whom would be limited to the mechanical utterance of the messages of the bailiwicks.

This opinion triumphed, and the assembly emancipated itself from the trammels of pledges, so that nothing remained to confer on its discussions complete freedom, except to quell the power assumed and exercised by the court. This was accomplished for it by the populace, on the memorable day of the fourteenth of July.

On the evening of that day, when the announcement of the destruction of the Bastille had filled the assembly with astonishment and the palace with terror, a committee of eight members was named to prepare the draft of a constitution. Among these Talleyrand held the second place, between Mounier and Sieyès. As a member of this commission he contributed largely to the re-organization of the State.

But the work, which originated at this early epoch of the Revolution, and which is, and must always be, inseparable from the renown of Talleyrand, was his plan of national education.

The constituent assembly considered that the best means of completing its work, and giving stability to the reforms it desired to effect, and the institutions it proposed to establish, would be to prepare the people for them, by a due cultivation of their understanding. With this purpose they confided to Talleyrand the most extraordinary task ever undertaken by an individual; they charged him with producing a plan of public instruction which should prepare the coming generations for their new destinies!

Hitherto public education had been exclusively conducted by the clergy. The first object of the new project was to secularize it. It was to be the business of a civil institution, and to proceed from the State, and not from the Church. The Report which Talleyrand presented to the assembly on this subject has surrounded his memory with undying renown. In it education is considered in its origin, its organization, and its methods. It was the first time that the subject was so treated, with the immediate view to the use of a great people. Instruction is examined as required for all degrees, ages, and conditions; as addressed to the understanding, the powers of which are to be developed; to the soul, the moral instincts of which have to be awakened and directed, and to the body, of which it has to improve the address, the activity, and the strength. Without neglecting the more polite arts, and that ancient literature which establishes a relation between the present and past, and preserves the intellectual union of the whole human race, as it has existed in the stream of time, the author never forgot that the first and greatest object of all is to acquire that knowledge which is necessary to constitute a useful citizen and a good man.

Infancy was to derive its acquaintance with those principles of things, which its capacity fits it to comprehend, in primary schools to be established in every canton. In these, first ideas were to be obtained without attempting to penetrate into the depths of knowledge. Secondary schools were to be established in the chief town of each district, where the youth would acquire that more extended knowledge which is equally necessary for all conditions of life. These institutions would receive the children coming from the primary schools of all the cantons of the district. Special schools were designed for each department, to which the pupils of the secondary schools should pass, in order to acquire that peculiar knowledge necessary for the professions or callings to which they were to be devoted on entering life. Here, law, medicine, theology, the military art, &c., would be taught. Finally, a great national institute would be established in the capital, where the most profound researches in science and literature would be encouraged, forming a body whose mission should be the advancement of human knowledge in its highest departments, and which should centralize the national mind, as the legislature centralizes the national will.

In this project of public education the studies were well defined, but the agency by which they were to be conducted was not efficiently organized; perhaps it could scarcely be expected that a perfect organization could be attained at once, and conceived, as it were, *a priori*. Such an organization must necessarily spring, in a great degree, from experience, and grow out of the working of the project.

Allowing all the praise which this plan of national instruction so highly merits, it cannot be denied that it had one capital defect. Although the cultivation of moral principles formed a prominent part in it, and was an object of

special instruction and avowed solicitude, yet no other origin was assigned to them, save the understanding, and no other sanction save utility. They were made the subject of demonstration, and based exclusively on temporal motives. No reference to any religious sentiment was admitted; integrity was taught as a science, and virtue founded on calculation. This, it is true, was the prevalent spirit of the time. An unbounded confidence was entertained in the force of the human mind. Demonstration superseded feeling. Nothing was granted but what the evidence of sense, or the conclusions of reason established. This may explain, but cannot excuse the character of the memorable measure to which we refer. If the omission of all higher sanction than interest were the sincere result of the judgment of the author, it will derogate from the respect with which posterity will regard his faculties; if it were a concession to the prevailing spirit of the nation in that moment of popular effervescence, it will derogate from the respect with which it will regard his principles.

The convulsions which soon followed the commencement of the great Revolution, distracting public attention and paralyzing all healthy legislation, postponed the realization of this magnificent and philanthropic measure. It remained a barren project, existing only in the parchment on which it was written, until the second Revolution (1830) combining order with the spirit of liberal reform, gave a new impulse to public opinion. At that epoch, it was the good fortune of France to see M. Guizot, elevated to the office of Minister of Public Instruction, devote his eminent talents to carry out in practice the project of Prince Talleyrand.

To return to the subject of this notice. M. Talleyrand did not limit his enlightened labours to public instruction. He, at the same period, proposed the adoption of a uniform system of weights and measures, founded on some natural and unalterable units, so as to give uniformity to commercial and private transactions, and render their present records comparable, certainly and accurately, with the commerce of future ages. It was then that the degree of the meridian and the length of the pendulum were proposed as the standard of measure, and the gravity of a given volume of pure water at a given temperature as the standard of weight. He also proposed the abolition of lotteries, showing the enormous unfairness of these systems considered as games of chance, and their immorality considered as objects of revenue. He was one of the propounders of the Declaration of Rights, and proposed a plan for abolishing tithes, on the principle of commutation by purchase. He was also a member of the committee of finance, in which the adjustment of taxation to income was settled, and the foundation of the present system of public contribution to the State was decided on.

It is well known that the more immediate cause which produced the Revolution was the disorder of the public finances, and the consequent decline of national credit. The constituent assembly was beset with difficulties, to surmount which would have been a severe trial for a legislative body of much older standing and more mature experience. Moved on the one hand by its proper mission to effect great political reforms, and urged on the other by the pecuniary exigencies of the state, it could not satisfy the one without sacrificing the other. The theories it was called to realize, far from augmenting, would destroy the finances. All reforms, even those best directed towards ultimate and permanent good, produce a temporary paralysis of the public revenue. In all these difficulties and embarrassments, M. Talleyrand rendered himself honourably conspicuous by his persevering assertion of the paramount necessity of keeping faith with the public creditor. He supported the several propositions of Necker for supplying the demands of the state by loans. He advocated, in several eloquent speeches, the establishment of the credit of the state by a sinking fund, which would facilitate the liquidation of the public debt, and tend to restore order to the finances. But the case was not of that ordinary nature in which common fiscal expedients could suffice. The malady of the government had already become acute and desperate, and demanded extraordinary remedies. Palliatives had been tried again and again, by minister after minister, and each bequeathed to his successor only augmented debt and diminished revenues. A crisis had now arrived, and an alternative was presented of a national bankruptcy, or the adoption of some bold and novel expedient, which could scarcely be found without resorting to some measure which Conservatives would regard as revolutionary.

Talleyrand, in this emergency, signalized himself by a proposition which at once placed at the disposal of the public treasury a capital of not less than eighty millions sterling. In short, he proposed the sale of the property of the Church, and the appropriation of its proceeds to the uses of the Nation. He professed to demonstrate that this was public property; that it had been conferred upon the Church, not with the view of personal interests, but for the public service, and that the State, if it provided efficiently for this service, otherwise could re-assume the possession of it. In short, he proposed that Public Worship should be provided for directly by the Treasury, and that the enormous property of the Church should be seized by the State. To mitigate the severity of this blow against the Church, he proposed that the condition of the inferior clergy should be improved and their salaries raised, thus endeavouring to win over in favour of the measure the numerical majority of the clergy themselves.

The assembly adopted the proposition so far as the confiscation of the revenues of the Church went, but omitted the equitable and polite part which involved the liquidation of the demands of the public creditor. The sale of this immense property was effected by the issue of the notes called assignats, each of which represented the claim of the holder of it for the amount therein expressed against the property to be sold. This monstrous mass of paper was forced into circulation, and Talleyrand had the sagacity to predict the result of the proceeding with circumstantial minuteness. The financial ruin which impended was not averted but only retarded. A large property until then inalienable, and struck with mainmort, was divided, the regime of the Church was changed, the clergy, which hitherto subsisted on its proper revenues, became a charge on the State, and formed an item in the annual budget. Such was, in effect, all the object really attained by this memorable proceeding.

In proposing the confiscation of the revenues of the Church, Talleyrand, broke irretrievably with the party of the clergy and the noblesse, and threw himself into the Revolution. Immediately a swarm of bitter enemies were raised against him, who, it was feared, would not hesitate even at removing him by assassination. He felt, however, that neither the time nor the situation was one which admitted of hesitation or doubt. A decided and consistent course was indispensable, and that course he adopted. It was he who proposed in the constituent assembly, that on the 14 of July (the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille), Deputies from all the provinces of France should assemble in Paris, for the purpose of a patriotic federation. An altar was erected for the purpose in the Champs de Mars. There, in the presence of three hundred thousand spectators, intoxicated with the enthusiasm of the occasion, in the



midst of the deputies of Paris and the departments, all prompted by the same wishes, and animated with the same purposes, in the presence of the royal family and the national assembly, Talleyrand in his episcopal costume, mounted the altar to inaugurate the future destinies of France.

To complete the civil organization of the Church, it was proposed to place the clergy in submission to the State, by imposing on them a solemn oath of allegiance. Although Talleyrand did not propose this obnoxious measure, he gave it his earnest support, and thereby augmented the number and stimulated the acrimony of his enemies. His support of this proceeding was, however, in some measure redeemed by his exertions to throw protection round the recusant clergy. He urged with all his eloquence, the expediency of still allowing those who refused the test and declined to submit to the new law, to enjoy, nevertheless, its protection, and to continue freely the exercise of their sacred functions. Almost all the bishops refused to take the oath proposed by the assembly, and the electors nominated their successors, to whom the Bishop of Autun and the Bishop of Lida gave canonical institution. At length, M. Talleyrand, exposed to attacks on every side, embroiled with the clergy of his diocese, threatened with excommunication by the Pope, refused to accept the Archbishopric of Paris, resigned the Bishopric of Autun, and retired into civil life.

### PLEASANTRIES OF THE BENCH.

The 'Law Review' is published under the auspices of the Society for Promoting the Amendment of the Law; a body which has Lord Brougham at its head as president, with the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Richmond and Cleveland, Lords Devon, Radnor, Ashburton, Campbell, and Mr. Lushington as vice presidents.

It includes among its ordinary and honorary members, many of the most distinguished men of the day; and not a few of these have enriched with their contributions, the pages of the society's literary organ. So much have we thought it necessary to say of the Law Review; although, on the present occasion, we have no intention to meddle with its more serious labors and duties. We have already given our humble aid in the Journal to the cause of law reform, and shall do so again; but just now we mean to go on the Welsh circuit for our own amusement.

The 'Recollections of a Deceased Welsh Judge,' form the most amusing of the lighter papers in this legal periodical; and no wonder; for a regular Welsh judge, before law reform 'let in the judges of England upon the Celtic countymen of Howel-dha and King Arthur,' had little else to do than to look out for amusement.

The courts, indeed, 'were more dull than can be easily described, from the excessive stupidity of the people, both witnesses and jurors, the difficulty of getting anything like English out of them, or putting anything like sense into them, the trifling nature of their endless disputes—the inextricable entanglement of their endless pedigrees; yet the assizes lasted but a couple of days at each place, for the most part; and there was great pleasure in their clear air and fine scenery, especially after the House of Commons and Westminster Hall had fatigued one, and made London intolerable. Their streams were pure and refreshing, to say nothing of their fish; and their hills were wild and sunny, without taking into account the good mutton they fed.'

His honor, accordingly, was very sorry, when he found himself abolished, with no other compensation than his pension; and it is not surprising that he should have employed the additional leisure, thus forced upon him, in recalling the circumstances and characters of so agreeable an official existence.

Among the first of his compeers he brings upon the scene is 'George Wood, nicknamed the Wood Demon, from a melodrama then in vogue—a lawyer quizzed for his ugliness, and highly esteemed for his profound knowledge of special pleading, accurate understanding, sound judgment, and inflexible honesty. He was famous for the extreme conciseness of his style, which followed him to the bench; and his brother judge gives us a specimen, a story which it may well be said, "he used to tell," for I believe he never told any other, and that one he was constantly called upon to tell at the circuit table, and always told it in the same words, and always with the same unbounded applause. It was as follows—for having so often heard it, we know it by heart:—

"A man having stolen a fish, one saw him carrying it away, half under his coat, and said, 'Friend, when next you steal, take a shorter fish or wear a longer coat.'"

In this narrative—which certainly represents the scene perfectly, and gives an epigrammatic speech—there are not quite thirty words, particles included.

These roystering lawyers had a grand court which took cognisance of the misdeeds of its members. One of them, for instance, was guilty of delivering a letter of introduction to an attorney; whereupon he was brought to trial, and forthwith appointed penny postman to the circuit. Another actually dined with one of the proscribed parties, and received the congratulation of the court upon his very select acquaintance, for which he paid so many gallons of claret to the circuit purse.

'Allen Park had somewhat puffed Richardson to an attorney or two as a young man of excellent promise, and stated that he had so high an opinion of him, that he had made him his executor. The attorney-general failed not to note this in his next speech at the grand court, which seriously alarmed Richardson, and drew from him a solemn declaration that he should consider such recommendations as hostile, and not friendly acts. This however, did not save him the title of Executor; till some one, observing the testator's ruddy face of health, and the executor's very pale, and amaciated appearance, made the two change places, and gave Richardson the name of the Defunct.'

All this, it will be seen, under the guise of merriment, preserved the purity of the bar. Even the jests were subservient—ancillary, as we say—to the same end. They kept us ever in mind of the serious visitations ready at any moment to come down upon real offences; they were to come down upon real offences; they were like the crack of the wagoner's whip, to be followed by a stroke if the ear had been assailed in vain. Then to the mummery of the circuit all were forced to bow.

Whoever appeared in colored clothes, had to pay for it with a fine, following a lecture by the attorney-general, in which the propriety of mode and dressing of the person was the subject of discourse: the rich wardrobes of various leaders were gorgeously described; how Mr. Sergeant Cockell might, if he chose, dazzle the astonished sight with whole yards of cloth of gold across his portly paunch; how Mr. Law himself could revel in the most costly satins; how the very crier would appear so bedizened with lace, that he might burn for hundreds of pounds.

The sumptuary laws were intended to diminish the expenses of the circuit

to poorer men. The rest of the rules were meant to prevent malpractices in the profession. The constantly flowing jest about small matters was calculated to beget a habit of not taking offence on grave occurrences, a very necessary thing in a profession, the constant practice of which, exposes every one to hear things said, and tempts most men to say things, somewhat painful to the feelings.

Now and then a man would appear among us who was either too high or too sore to bear with the rude pleasantry of the body. We betide him if he showed such feelings! He might, without intending it, be very unexpectedly created a Duke, or even a Grand Duke, for his loftiness; or mayhap an Archdeacon for keeping slyly out of the way; or a Doctor of the Sorebone if he testified any sensitiveness of jokes.

I forget which fate overtook a learned sergeant (Davenport) when he was wroth with Mr. Solicitor-General for filing against him an indictment for manslaughter, because a man had fallen out of the gallery during his address to the jury. It set forth that he feloniously did kill and slay J—S—, being in the peace of our lord the king, with a certain blunt instrument, of no value, called a long speech. But I think my able, learned, and lamented friend, Ralph Carr, was raised to the doctorate (of the Sorebone,) when he took occasion to remark, that "he perceived the whole of the circuit set against him, from Mr. Attorney-General Law down to Professor Christian," a joke eminently pleasing to Law, who held his cousin Christian in extreme contempt."

This Law (Ellenburgh) is highly praised by the judge both for his abilities and jokes. 'I remember one of his chosen subjects (butts, as they might be called) was Sylvester Douglas (afterwards Lord Glenbervie). There was no end of the laugh ever ready to come at Law's call, and at Douglas's expense. Sometimes he would dub him the Solicitor-General, in allusion to his constant asking for everything that fell. Then he would swear that Douglas kept a Scotchman, at half a crown a week, always on the look-out, and to sit up all night that he might be called if any one died in place. He had a notion that Douglas's age was extremely great—nay, that he believed he was the Wandering Jew; and one morning, when in court, some doubt arose whether a statute was made in the fifth or sixth of Elizabeth—"Send," said Ned Law, "for Douglas in the coffee-house, he is likely to remember its passing." Nor did this even cease on Douglas leaving the bar. I well remember, when the kingdom of Etruria was announced by Bonaparte, and no one for some time was named, we were speculating who was to have it, Ned Law told us in the morning at Frank's, "Don't you know? Glenbervie has asked for it, and has great hopes."

Lawyers, it would seem, are not always literally men. Sergeant Lens, an excellent scholar, and a very considerable mathematician, is said to have entirely given over reading since he came in business. A brother judge of mine, a crack scholar as far as long and shorts can make one, is believed to have no book in his house, and, I will venture to say, never reads anything but a newspaper, nor every day even that. His evenings would be spent in sleep, were there no chessmen and no backgammon. Sergeant Cockell of our circuit, in the vacation, used to stand fishing for hours, and catch nothing; but the time between his breakfast and his dinner seemed to him a foretaste of eternity, at least in point of duration. I believe Mr. Justice Buller never was known to exercise his mind except upon whist, when he was neither judging nor reading in "the books." Dampier a good scholar, used to read a good deal, but I suspect it was chiefly old divinity. Gibbs notoriously had never read anything since he left Cambridge with a very good classical reputation. All lawyers, however, 'even Topping,' we are told, read, a little of Shakspeare, at least as much as enables them to quote, while going upon circuit, 'Thus far into the bowels of the land.' 'Topping was the most uxorious of human kind, and daily wrote a long letter to Mrs. Topping. The subject of the correspondence we all knew as well as she did herself—it was made up of his grievances. Did a jury give a verdict against him, he wrote and complained to Mrs. Topping; did any of the bar offend him, she was instantly informed. He never kept this to himself, but always told us—often threatened us—occasionally rewarded us with some such confidential disclosure as this, made most significantly, and as by one well aware of its value, "I'll assure you I felt so much how kind you were, that I wrote to Mrs. Topping." But generally it went thus—"The vile fellow behaved very, very ill: I wrote to Mrs. Topping." Nor was the judge spared. I have heard him say that "Mrs. Topping felt my lord's behavior so much, she said she never could forget it." But then he, being perhaps mollified by some more favourable charge of his lordship, would tell us that "he had written to intreat she would think no more of it, and that he hoped he had prevailed." Once however, I heard him say at Carlisle, "that the sergeant had behaved so ill, that Mrs. Topping vowed she never would speak to him again as long as she lived;" and this he uttered as if he were stating that sentence of death had been pronounced upon the sergeant, whom he then regarded as a fallen and lost man. Topping's irritability of temper gave him frequent occasion to write to Mrs. Topping. 'I once entered the court at Durham when both he and the sergeant were standing with their backs voluntarily turned on the judge. I saw some screw was loose. The first words that I could distinguish was Baron Wood saying, "I think, on the whole, you are right Mr. Topping;" to which he was pleased to answer, "I am sure I was very far from asking what you thought." Another judge of more penetrable stuff would have been very angry at this bearish growl; but old George, who well knew his man, only said, "Well, well; who do you call?" (call); so the cause went on, while there was heard an undergrowl on the other side from the sergeant abusing Topping for his insolence and ingratitude, and the baron for his ignorance and partiality, and calling for his clerk to bring him some of the stomach tincture, which we knew would console him, as it was generally brandy with some water added, to give it a name, rather than materially alter its nature. Brandy and water was not the only cordial in requisition by the lights of the law. When Garrow retired from court after gaining a cause, 'in about half an hour old Humphreys, his clerk, returned with Mr. Garrow's compliments, and begging to have a small wooden-cased flask which he had left. We had all seen the sergeant handling that bottle, and, while Garrow was going on before the wind, quietly transfer it under his own bag, into which he quickly put it. So when the clerk came the sergeant said, "What wouldst have, man? Your case is disposed of. Mr. Garrow is gone off to town." Away went Humphreys; but Garrow would bear no rival in his own art, and he required his flask on account of his "exhausted frame." So back came Humphreys, and he would not go till the sergeant, most reluctantly, had to make his bag disgorge the case—what he valued more than any of the others among which it had forced its way. His comfort was, that the Madeira he had just tasted was "but sad poor stuff—about a match for Garrow's trashy speech."

The Welsh judge looks upon it as a sort of suicide for an undistinguished lawyer to enter parliament. 'Of all inferiority, the most marked is the disastrous lot of the barrister, who, failing in the law, quits his gown, and carries his



tongue to market in parliament. Respectful as the House of Commons ever is to high station, to success at the bar, it is contemptuous in the extreme to the body of lawyers there who have failed under the wig.

I remember some years ago, before I quitted parliament, an ingenious ruddy-looking young gentleman (he seemed only five-and-twenty, but proved much older) addressing the house in a maiden speech, clothed in a country gentleman's attire, of top-boots and leather breeches. He was listened to with the attention and even kindness which might be expected to attend such a performance, until he unhappily let fall the expression, "as I have had occasion to know on our circuit," when suddenly there burst forth a yell of indignation at the fraud under which he had obtained audience—the kind of false colours he had been sailing under, and sailing, too, before the wind. Such a chorus, such a concert, *concordia discors*, such a storm of coughing, of laughing, of scraping, of calls of question, of roars of scorn and disgust, never greeted mine ears. It was, indeed, over in a minute; but the speech, too, was over, and nothing could have appeased it but the termination of that speech which it had brought about.

In the old Welsh circuits, 'the whole appearance of the court was different from an English court: the habits of the people, and even their dress, were distinct; and when, as in most cases, the witnesses could not talk English, and had to be examined by an interpreter, you might well fancy yourself in a foreign country. Indeed, in addressing the jury, whether by the bar or from the bench, it was but too obvious that the majority frequently understood but little of what was said to them. In the north, the dialect of the witnesses was occasionally puzzling enough. We used to hear people talk of the *house* or the *house-parts*—meaning the kitchen; of a *middenstead* for a dunghill; of a *steer* for a ladder; of *lating* for reckoning; and *laking* for playing; nay of *darrock* for day's work; and a *treethain* for a three weeks since. But in Wales there was much less in common between the natives of the country and the professors of the law brought into the country to administer justice.

This sometimes led to some odd mistakes; take as an example, the jury, who, after hearing a trial for sheep-stealing, in which the facts were, that the sheep had been killed on the hill, and there skinned, the robber taking away the carcass, and leaving the skin for fear of detection—all this was proved in evidence, but the jury supposed it to relate, not to a sheep, but to a human being and brought in, after some hesitation, what they considered a safe verdict of *manslaughter*? But the lawyers on these circuits were as comical in their way as the witnesses and juries. One of them, Clarke, 'all unintentionally to create a laugh, and not very fond of any such testimony to his powers, would now and then make his audience merry without meaning it. As when the opposite counsel had been pathetic on his orphan client's hard lot—"Gentlemen," said Clarke, "why, I am myself an orphan"—he was seventy odd years old—"people's fathers and mothers cannot live for ever." No one can doubt of the pathos raised before being suddenly dissipated by this unexpected sally—not of humour, but of mere anger at any pathos having been imported into the cause. So, when a witness whom he was pressing with his angry, and oftentimes scolding cross-examination, suddenly dropped down in a fit, and some said it was apoplectic—but privately Clarke heard it was epileptic—"My lord," said he, "it's only epilepsy—she must answer the question," as if the courts had taken a distinction between apoplexy and epilepsy. The first time 'old Raine,' an ex-schoolmaster, sat in judgment, a man was tried before the sessions for robbing a hen roost, and acquitted for want of evidence against him. The chairman was ordering him to be discharged as a matter of course; but Raine said, though he fully agreed, yet he conceived it would be well to have him first whipt. The other justices repressed this ebullition of professional zeal, and explained the difference between justices and schoolmasters in respect of whipping.

#### DEATH OF A NOTORIOUS OUTLAW.

A friend informs us that the good people of Brattleboro', Vermont, where he has recently visited, have been thrown into a state of no little excitement, by the discovery of the fact, after the death of an eccentric individual, who had been a resident of that place for many years, and sustained a high character as a skilful physician, that he was the identical John Doherty, alias "Captain Thunderbolt," one of the most reckless and successful highwaymen that ever stained the annals of crime; whose name, thirty-five years ago, was the terror of the united kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and on whose head the British Government had set an enormous price. For reasons that may be apparent, we withhold the name by which, ever since he commenced his citizenship in Brattleboro', he was known. During his last sickness he declined having his clothes removed, and, when he was sensible his recovery was impossible, he bargained with two men in attendance to bury him in his clothes, alleging that he was somewhat notional, but nevertheless he wished this last notion to be strictly attended to. The curiosity of the neighbors becoming aroused by this singular request, and desiring that their fellow-citizen should have a decent and christian burial, they interfered after his decease, and prevented the fulfilment of the contract.

On removing the clothing from the corpse, they discovered at once the cause of this singular desire. His withered leg exhibited the shot marks, and his neck the scar, so distinctly described in the many handbills scattered about the United Kingdoms, and his cork heel answered the description given by his quondam associate in guilt, the far-famed Michael Martin, or "Lightfoot," who, after becoming an outlaw in Ireland, visited this country, and committed, among other offences, a daring robbery on the person of Mr. Bray, on the turnpike between Dedham and Boston, for which he was apprehended at a public house in Springfield, where he had taken lodgings for the night, conveyed to Cambridge for trial, convicted, sentenced to death, and executed in 1821. Before the execution of Lightfoot, he made a full confession of his life and character, and gave many interesting incidents in the history of the notorious Thunderbolt.

On the person of Thunderbolt after his decease at Brattleboro', were also found a loaded pistol and a dirk, and among his effects arms of various descriptions, and watches, diamonds, rings, and other costly jewelry to an immense value. Many of these articles were carefully packed away in saw dust and concealed. In order to make his person more portly, and to add to his disguise to prevent recognition, he wore three suits of clothes at the same time. His shrivelled leg was ingeniously covered with cloths to increase its apparent size to that of the other.

The discovery of the far famed robber in the person of the individual who had for some thirty years resided quietly in their midst, and who had been known to many as the "eccentric Scotch doctor," in whose prescriptions they had the most exalted faith, was a matter well calculated to make a stir among the staid and worthy people of that section of the valley of the Con-

necticut. And as a portion of our readers may desire to know more of the history of Thunderbolt, we propose to compile from the Life of Lightfoot, as given by an English author, some accounts of both these robbers, who it seems were both confederates in crime, on the other side of the Atlantic for many years.

John Doherty, or Thunderbolt, was born in Scotland, but the south of Ireland was the theatre of his most daring exploits. About the year 1808 he introduced himself to Michael Martin at an inn near Dublin. He took Martin into a private room, told him that he (Doherty) was the notorious Captain Thunderbolt, whose desperate feats had made him the terror of the people, and for whose head a large reward was offered. Martin, who had just commenced a career of crime, was appalled to find himself alone in such company, but the robber told him he must stay, as he could not think of parting with so "clever a fellow." This affectionate declaration was supported by the presentation of a cocked pistol at the head of the terrified Martin. They finally sat down again, and Thunderbolt related his exploits, urged Martin to drink, and finally offered him his purse, from which Martin would consent to take but six guineas.

In this way a good understanding was promoted between the two worthies, and Thunderbolt finally proposed to his companion to enter into co-partnership in the profession of highwaymen. This was agreed to, and after a few adventures, in which Martin displayed great activity and address, Thunderbolt took a glass of brandy, dashed the liquid into Martin's face, and gave him the flash title of Captain Lightfoot. Under these names these associates committed many daring robberies, and had many hair-breadth escapes.

One day they put up at an inn at Doneraile, in Ireland, over the door of which was a hand-bill describing their persons and offering rewards for their apprehension. The robbers marched out, Thunderbolt knocked down two of the soldiers, and then both took to the fields, the soldiers pursuing and firing at them. One ball struck the calf of the leg of Thunderbolt, who still ran on, keeping up with his companion until they found concealment in the woods near by, when Thunderbolt sunk down exhausted with the loss of blood. A glass of brandy raised his spirits, while his companion cut out the ball which was left in the wound, with his pen-knife. They remained in the woods twenty-four hours upon a bed of leaves, before the wounded robber could find strength to continue his flight. Two days after they left the woods, they found means to disguise themselves, so that they visited a neighboring village without exciting suspicion, and procured medicines suited to the wants of Doherty, who had some medical knowledge, and a very good education.

According to Martin, no man could talk on religious matters, and expound the "true faith" with greater fluency, than Thunderbolt. Hence he often wore the dress and spoke the language of a clergyman of the high church. Sometimes he would assume the character of a physician, on which occasions he would often assure his patients that few M.D.'s could excel him in the practice of *bleeding*!

At one time, near Kilkenny, in Ireland, Doherty and his confederate attacked a stage coach with nine passengers, and supplied themselves with much treasure. They had previously supplied themselves with a sufficient number of small handcuffs, and when the stage reached the point agreed upon, they rushed upon the horses, stopped them, and Martin, with pistol in hand, took the off-leader by the bridle, and threatened with instant death the passenger who should attempt to escape by the door of the off-side. Thunderbolt at the same time took a position near the opposite door of the coach, and ordered the passengers out, one at a time, as fast as he could secure them with the hand-cuffs. Having thus landed the whole, a work that occupied several minutes, they proceeded to the work of robbery, and having finished this, they bade the passengers "good morning," mounted two of the horses, and fled with all necessary speed, carrying off their ill-gotten booty.

At the distance of about fifty miles from the city of Dublin, they came in sight of an elegant seat. Thunderbolt concluded there must be much money and jewelry about the premises, and determined at once on an adventure. He rode up to the door and inquired of the servant for the master of the house. The servant informed him that his master had gone with a hunting party, and that there was no one at home but his master's sisters and the servants. The robbers then entered the house, contrived to get the servants into a small side room, by some false pretence, and locked the door, Lightfoot remaining with cocked pistol, as guard. Thunderbolt then very politely invited the ladies into the parlor, told them his opinion in regard to the property, and his determination to have it. The ladies in great alarm produced cash and trinkets to the value of \$10,000, and then produced watches and jewels from their own persons, but these Thunderbolt refused to take, declaring that his sense of politeness would never allow him to take any property from a lady. The robbers then kissed the ladies, and rode off with the spoils.

We might multiply instances of the daring robberies committed by the desperado, Thunderbolt, as recorded in various English books, but our limits will not permit. Some thirty years ago he disappeared from Dublin, and was not heard of by the people of the United Kingdoms from that period. It was supposed by some that he had cut the society of Lightfoot intentionally, and gone to the West Indies. Others supposed that he had been killed in some desperate encounter. But it now seems, that for the last thirty years, he has been an eminent physician, and a quiet, but odd citizen of a neighboring State. Truly, there is much romance in real life.

Springfield Post.

[We doubt very much whether the "eminent physician" here alluded to is the redoubtable John Doherty, alias Capt. Thunderbolt, inasmuch as we cannot understand what apparent reasons there are for withholding the name he went by since he became a citizen of Brattleboro'.—Ed. Boston Times.]

#### GRANDMOTHER'S STORY ABOUT A DARNING-NEEDLE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Grand-mother is so old, she has so many wrinkles, and her hair is quite white; but her eyes—they shine like two stars, nay, they are much brighter, they are so mild, so blissful to look into; and then she knows the most amusing and prettiest stories, as you shall hear; and she has a gown with large flowers on it,—it is of such thick silk that it actually rattles. Grand-mother knows so much, for she has lived long before father and mother, that is quite sure!

Grandmother has a psalm-book with thick silver clasps, and in that book she often reads:—in the middle of it lies a rose, it is quite flat and dry, it is not so pretty as the roses she has in the glass vase, and yet she smiles the kindest to it, nay, even tears come in her eyes!



Why does grandmother look thus on the withered flower in the old book? Do you know why? Every time that grandmother's tears fall on the flower the colours become fresher, the rose then swells, and the whole room is filled with fragrance; the walls sink as if they were but mists, and round about it is the green, the delightful grove where the sun shines between the leaves,—and grandmother—yes, she is quite young, she is a beautiful girl with flaxen hair, with round red cheeks, pretty and charming, no rose is fresher—yet the eyes, the mind, blissful eyes,—yes, they are still grandmother's.

By her side a young man, young and strong, he presents the rose to her and she smiles—yet grandmother does not smile so!—yes, the smile comes,—he is gone, many thoughts and many forms go past! That handsome man is gone, the rose lies in the psalm-book, and grandmother—yes, she again sits like an old woman, and looks on the withered rose that lies in the book.

Now grandmother is dead!

She sat in the arm-chair and told a sweet story, but not that which you are now to hear,—she said that it was at an end, that she was now tired, and she laid her head back to sleep; she drew her breath, she slept, but it became more and more still, and her face was so full of peace and happiness, it was as if the sun's rays passed over it; she smiled, and then they said she was dead.

She was laid in the black coffin, she was laid in white linen; she was so pretty, and yet her eyes were closed; but all the wrinkles were gone, she lay with a smile around her mouth; her hair was so silvery white, so venerable, one was not at all afraid to look on the dead, for it was the sweet, benign grandmother.

And the psalm book was laid in the coffin under her head, she herself had requested it, and the rose lay in the old book—and then they buried grandmother.

On the grave, close under the church yard wall, they planted a rose tree, and it stood full of roses, and they nodded in the wind and said to one another: "how delightful it is to flower in the warm sunshine! to bathe in dew and moonshine! and then when one is prettiest of all, there comes an affectionate hand to pluck us for the most bewitching of girls. How we shall blush! what fragrance we shall exhale!"

And the nightingale heard what the roses said, and it sang about the rose which the young girl laid in her psalm-book, which was kept there till the fresh cheeks were wrinkled, till the young girl became an old woman.

It is delightful to live in remembrance!

There is earth over the coffin, there is earth within it, the psalm-book's leaves are dust, the rose with all its recollections falls to dust, but above it bloom new roses, above it sings the nightingale, and the organ plays; we think of that dear old grandmother, with the mild, externally young eyes. Eyes can never die,—ours shall once see her young and beautiful, as when she the first time kissed the fresh red rose which is now dust in the grave.

#### GRANDMOTHER'S STORY ABOUT A DARNING-NEEDLE.

There was once a darning-needle, and she was so fine that she imagined she was a sewing-needle. "Now, only look what you are taking hold of!" said the darning-needle to the fingers that held it. "Do not loose me! if I fall on the floor you may not find me again, I am so fine!"

"Oh! you are not so very fine!" said the fingers, and so they pinched her tight round the waist.

"Do you see? I come with a *suite*!" said the darning-needle, and then she drew a long thread after her, but which, however, had no knot.

The fingers steered the needle straight towards the cook's slipper where the upper leather was cracked, and should be sewn together.

"This is mean work!" said the darning-needle. "I shall never get through it, I shall break! I shall break!"—and then she broke.

"Did I not say so?" said the darning-needle. "I am too fine!"

"She is now good for nothing," thought the fingers, but yet they were obliged to hold fast; the cook dropped some sealing-wax on her, and then stuck her in her kerchief in front.

"See, now I am a breast pin!" said she; "I knew well that I should come to honour; when one is something one always becomes something more!" and then she laughed to herself, for one can always see on a darning-needle when it laughs,—there she now sat, as proudly as if she rode in a carriage, and looked on all sides.

"May I have the honour to ask you if you are of gold?" said she to the pin, her neighbour. "You have a handsome exterior, and your own head, but it is rather little; you must look to it, and see that it grows, for me cannot all have a wax end!" and then the darning-needle raised her head so proudly that she came quite out of the neckerchief and into the sink, just as the cook had washed up.

"Now we are going on our travels!" said the darning-needle; "if I only be not lost!" but that she was.

"I am too fine for this world!" said she, as she sat in the gutter. "I have a good conscience, and that is always some pleasure!" and so she held herself erect, and didn't lose her good humour.

All sorts of things sailed over her,—sticks, straws, and pieces of newspapers. "See, how they sail!" said she. "They don't know what is under them! See now, there goes a *stick*; he thinks of nothing in the world except sticks, and a *stick* he is. There floats a straw; see how it swings! see how it turns! Don't think so much of yourself, you may knock your head against the pavement! There goes a slip of newspaper!—that which it contains it forgotten, and yet it *squares itself* so! I sit still and patiently! I know what I am, and what I shall be!"

One day there was something that shone so brightly close by, and so the darning-needle thought it was a diamond, but it was only a peice of a broken bottle! As it shone the darning-needle spoke to it, and made herself known as a breast-pin! "You are certainly a diamond!"—"Yes, I am something of the kind!" and so the one thought that the other was really something precious, and then they spoke about the arrogance of the world.

"Yes, I have lived in a maid's box," said the darning-needle, "and that maid was a cook-maid; she had five fingers on each hand, but I never knew anything so conceited, and yet they were only permitted to hold me, take me out of the box, and lay me in the box again."

"Was there any polish about them?" asked the piece of glass.

"Polish!" said the darning-needle, "no, there was arrogance! they were five, brothers and sisters, all born fingers—they kept close together and straight up to each other, though of different lengths. It was boasting, and nothing but boasting with them, and so I left them and went into the *sink*!"

"And now we sit here and glisten!" said the pieces of glass. At the same moment there came more water into the gutter, it streamed over on both sides, and washed the pieces of glass away with it.

"See now, that was promotion!" said the darning-needle. "I must sit here, but that is my pride, and it is respectable!" and so it sat upright, and had many thoughts.

"I could almost fancy that I was born of a sunbeam, I am so fine; it also appears to me that the sun always seeks me under the water. Alas! I am so fine that my mother cannot find me. Had I but my old eye which broke I think I could cry!—though to cry is not fine!"

One day some street boys raked about in the gutter, where they found old nails, farthings, and such things. It was piggish, but it was their pleasure.

"Oh!" exclaimed one of them, for the darning-needle had stuck in his finger; "there's a fellow!" said he, as he drew her forth.

"I am no fellow!—I am a maiden!" said the darning needle; but no one heard it. The sealing-wax had gone off her and she had become black; but black makes one thinner, and so he thought that she was still finer than before.

"There comes an egg-shell sailing along," said the boys, and then they stuck the darning-needle fast in the shell.

"White walls, and black myself!" said she, "that suits well together; now they can see me if I only be not sea-sick, for then I shall go to pieces; but she was not sea-sick,

"It is a good remedy against sea-sickness to have a steel stomach, and then always to remember that one is a little more than a man! Now mine has passed off; yes the finer one is, the more can one bear."

"Crash!" said the egg-shell, as a loaded wagon passed over it. "Oh! how it pinches! I cannot bear this," said the darning-needle; "now, I know I shall be sea-sick—I am breaking—I am breaking!" but she did not break, although a loaded waggon passed over her—she lay lengthwise—and there she may remain till—

I tell you another of grandmother's stories.

#### PROGRESS OF THE NATION.

The social progress of individuals, families, neighbourhoods, is familiar to us all, and usually forms one of the most common subjects for our inquiries; but when such details as come within the scope of our own personal observation are multiplied, extended, and classified by mathematical minds, so as to embrace the great aggregate of the nation, the result must be a picture of the highest imaginable interest and importance. But it is a picture which comparatively few have leisure, and fewer still are qualified, to examine or enjoy in detail. The salient points are all on which the mind of the many will desire to dwell; and for this reason, we think we shall perform an acceptable service, if we take advantage of the republication of a valuable work to direct attention to the great landmarks of the national progress.\* Such a service, too, will be well-timed; for in the ten years just expired, greater advances have been made than in any preceding tenth of a century. The elements of prosperity, commercial and educational, are daily taking new and more active combinations; and it is no longer heresy to consider the welfare of the many as better worth attention than inert and antiquated theories.

Now that the people are not regarded as the material of war—food for cannon; mere hewers of wood and drawers of water—we find them estimated at their true value in all calculations of power and advancement. A hundred years ago, wars and epidemic diseases were considered to be the natural means whereby Providence kept the human race within reasonable limits—a sort of predestinated check to undue increase. It is only from the commencement of the present century that anything like correct population returns have been obtained. The increase of the first half of last century was—omitting fractions—not more than 17 per cent.; in the second half it rose to 52 per cent. The number added to the population of the kingdom from 1801 to 1841, was 10,700,000, but in 1846, this had risen to 12,000,000; nearly as much as the whole number of inhabitants in 1811. This increase is in a ratio 3 to 1 greater than that of France, which country doubles her population but once in a century, while England doubles hers in fifty years.

In 1801, the number of marriages was 67,268; in 1840, 115,548. The number of houses in the first year of the century was 1,467,870, but in 1841 it had increased to 2,753,295, or nearly double in the space of forty years; the yearly value at the latter period was £23,386,401, in 1815 it amounted to £14,290,889. To meet the wants of the rapidly increasing population, an addition of house accommodation to the amount of £10,000,000, and 1,000,000 tons of shipping, are required annually.

With an increasing population we have a decreasing rate of mortality. In 1700, 1 in 39 died; in 1800, 8 to 47. "This effect," observes Mr. Porter, "so strongly indicative of amendment in the condition of the people, must be attributed to the coincidence of various causes. Among these may be mentioned the less crowded state of our dwellings, the command of better kinds of food, the superiority and cheapness of clothing, and probably also more temperate habits and greater personal cleanliness." A large proportion of births, it is shown, is not always to be taken as an evidence of prosperity. Late inquiries have made us aware of the prodigious waste of life, particularly in large towns, which more than counterbalances the numerous births. "Population does not so much increase because many are born, as because few die."

The number of persons employed in agriculture has diminished, and in manufactures increased. Where formerly the labour of seven families were required to produce a certain amount of food, the same quantity is now raised by five: an instructive fact, showing that the present rate of progress in manufacturing industry may be kept up, as the tendency is to improve agriculture and augment the supply of food. Between the years 1811 and 1831, the agricultural class increased 7 per cent., and the trading and manufacturing class 34 per cent. The greatest proportion of the latter is found in the counties of Cheshire, Derby, Lancaster, Middlesex, Stafford, and Warwick: the former in Cambridge, Essex, Huntingdon, and Rutland. Mr. Porter justly exposes the absurdity and injustice of the old poor-law. "Under such a system," he says, "a labourer in an agricultural district was inevitably rendered a pauper; he was deprived of all means for exercising the virtue of prudence, and became almost necessarily improvident; he was brought to look upon the parish allowance as his freehold, and if, under such circumstances, any spark of independence remained unextinguished in his breast, it should have been received as evidence of a degree of innate virtue deserving of the highest admiration."

Public opinion has now declared so decidedly against a rigid adherence to the "workhouse test," that we are bound to suppose there must be something in that adherence either absolutely wrong, or which jars with existing circumstances. Yet we should be too ready to forget the great evil of which the test

\* The Progress of the Nation, in its various Social and Economical Relations, from the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By G. R. Porter. A new edition. London: Murray. 1847.



was the corrector. Mr. Woolley says—"Let any man see the straightforward walk, the upright look of the labourer, as contrasted with what was before seen at every step in these counties (Kent and Sussex.)"

The sturdy and idle nuisance has already become the useful, industrious member of society. No man who has not looked well into human nature, and the practical working of the wretched system of pauperism, can form an idea how different is sixpence earned by honest industry, and sixpence wrung from the pay-table of a parish officer. I am fully convinced that the measure has doubled the value of property in many parts of the kingdom. The saving in the expenditure for the relief of the poor in 1841, as compared with 1811, was 53 per cent. The assessments are highest in Berks, Bucks, Dorset, and Wilts; and lowest in Cumberland, Monmouth, Lancaster, and Stafford.

Among several comparative statements of the means adopted for the relief of the poor in other countries, we find returns from the pauper colonies of Holland. A few years ago, a great deal of interest was felt in these establishments; they have not, however, realized the expectations of their projectors, partly owing to the very inferior quality of the soil on which they are placed, and the great expense attendant on the first settlement of poor families; neither have they sensibly diminished the amount of pauperism with which Holland is oppressed more than any other country in Europe. According to a report published in 1827, paupers comprised one-fifth of the population of the United Netherlands. The effect of isolated pauper communities is said to be bad. 'Without the example of the better conditions of society, there can be no hope of such a community gradually acquiring those qualities that would fit the members of it for a better condition also.' Every statement shows that English labourers earn nearly double wages to those of other European countries.

Under the head of consumption, we learn that, since the beginning of the reign of George III., 7,076,610 acres have been brought under cultivation; and although the proportion has somewhat diminished in the last forty years, yet such is the improvement in agriculture, that 10,000 acres of land which, on the old method of cultivation, supported but 3810 individuals, now maintain 5997. Mr. Porter considers that, for a long period, population is not likely to increase in a greater ratio than the supply of food. 'It has been affirmed,' he observes, 'that in Wales the land does not produce half of what it is capable of producing; and that if all England were as well cultivated as Northumberland and Lincoln, it would produce more than double the quantity that is now obtained; and when at length the increase of population shall have passed the utmost limit of production, there can be no reason to doubt that we shall still obtain, in full sufficiency, the food that we shall require.'

The greatest progress is seen in manufactures: the exports of woollen goods, which in 1829 were between four and five millions, now exceed £8,000,000 annually. Between the years 1835 and 1839, one hundred and thirty-two woollen and worsted factories were built in addition to those already existing, and the increase of operatives in those branches of industry for the same period was 15,137. It is well known that the population of some of the Yorkshire towns, the principal seat of the woollen trade, has more than doubled since the commencement of the century.

During the last forty years, a great improvement has taken place in the growth of wool. Sheep which produce long or combing wool have been almost everywhere introduced, while short-wooled sheep have correspondingly declined in numbers. Much of the short wool, it appears, could find no market, but for the importation of long foreign wool to mix with it; there is, however, a still more remarkable importation for this purpose. 'A curious trade,' says Mr. Porter, 'has of late years been introduced, that of importing foreign woollen rags into England for the purpose of re-manufacture. These are assorted, torn up, and mixed with English, or more commonly with Scotch wool of low quality, and inferior cloth is made from the mixture, at a price sufficiently moderate to command a sale for exportation. By this means a market is found for wool of a very low quality, which otherwise would be left on the hands of the growers.'

In 1805, 14,203,433 pounds of cotton were imported: but so unparalleled has been the increase in this branch of trade, that the quantity entered in 1844 was 554, 196, 602 pounds. In the same year the value of cotton goods exported was £25,805,348, having increased from £16,516, 748 in 1820. Two pieces of calico per week was the utmost a hand-loom weaver could produce; but the steam-loom weaver of the present day produces, with an assistant, twenty-two such pieces in the same space of time. The article of bobbin net employs nearly two hundred thousand persons in its manufacture, at an annual expenditure in wags of £2, 500,000. The linen trade of Ireland has shared in the general expansion; the value of linen goods exported having advanced in the first quarter of the century from £34,000,000 to £55,000,000.

A glance at the tabular statements sufficiently proves that peace is essential to national prosperity. No sooner do we approach a war season, than disturbance and diminution at once appear in the aggregates of quantity and value. Even if no higher motives existed, this alone should be treated with due consideration as the expensive injustice of war is adopted. Increased production necessarily leads to an abatement of prices; but glass [was for many years an exception to this rule. The trade was so overloaded with duties, as to be a virtual monopoly; and the manufacturers mere hampered and harassed in every way by absurd excise regulations. An ingenious proprietor, who had succeeded in making great improvement in the quality of bottle-glass, was stopped in his operations by the excise officers, on the plea that the articles which he produced were so good in quality, as not to be readily distinguished from flint-glass. Not the least pleasing, however, among the signs of progress, is removal of such restrictions. The abolition of the glass duties by the legislature in 1845 has done everything for the relief of the trade, which will doubtless expand in proportion to those we have above enumerated.

Travelling, roads, and the iron trade occupy an interesting section of the work, the benefits they confer are seen to be gradually diffusing themselves through every class of society. Something yet remains to be done for greater cheapness in the carrying of passengers and goods: with respect to the latter, we read that 'the charge made for the cartage of a puncheon of rum from the West India Docks to Westminster, exceeds the same charge that would be made for conveying the same puncheon from those docks to Ham-burgh!' Among the various schemes for expediting and cheapening the delivery of parcels in the metropolis and the provinces, it is to be hoped that less expensive transports of heavy goods will not be lost sight of. The progress of steam navigation is striking. In 1814, the United Kingdom and colonies owned but 2 steam vessels; in 1815, they had 10; in 1820, 43; in 1830, 315; and in 1844, 988.

Scotland, which took the lead in steam navigation, has ever since shown a large proportional list of vessels. Of the above 988, England had 679, Scotland 137, Ireland 81, Guernsey, &c. 3; and the colonies 88. The total bur-

den was 125,675 tons, the number of steam vessels in all the world besides, is stated in other table at 719, of which the United States had 261, and France 119. It thus appears that Scotland has more steam vessels than all France Mr Porter discusses the questions of finance, carriage, public income and expenditure, wages, taxes, &c. taking occasion to show the great improvement that has taken place in the physical condition of the people, and the disappearance of some of many unfortunate inequalities among the classes. 'This improvement,' he says, 'is by no means confined to those who are called, by a somewhat arbitrary distinction, the working-classes, but is enjoyed in some degree or other by tradesmen, shop-keepers, and farmers; in short, of every class of men whose personal and family comforts admitted of material increase.'

Less than fifty years ago, some of the tradesmen in the chief thoroughfares of London had no carpets to their floors—no books or pictures—none of those useful or ornamental objects which add so materially to the charm of domestic life. Sheffield is noted for the comfortable manner in which the houses of the industrial population are furnished, although the town itself is not better built or laid out than others. From whatever cause this attention to in-door arrangements may arise, it is one that should be encouraged; and a disposition that way may be elated among the evidences of progress. In connection with household reports, it may be mentioned that the expenses incurred for domestic servants in 1841 amounted to £38,222,620.

The author goes on to treat of all excisable articles: every year's experience confirms the fact, that increased consumption follows diminished price. The true policy of government, he contends, should be to collect no other custom duties than what are required for revenue. Turning to the details respecting crime, we find it estimated that although our disposition is to magnify every present evil, yet we are not proportionately worse off in this respect than our forefathers were.

The exploits of highwaymen are within the recollection of persons now living—merchants who lived in the suburbs of London dared not go home from their counting-houses in the evening alone. A certain place was fixed on as a rendezvous where they met, and whence, for mutual protection they returned in a body to their residence. Individuals were knocked down in the streets and robbed in broad daylight; no one could ride on the roads in any direction unless well prepared to repel the attack of robbers, or to run his chance of being murdered.

However strange it may seem, there are fewer offences against property now than in the days of our forefathers. More perfect police arrangements, better lighting of streets, readier means of communication, have done more towards the repression of crime than all the sanguinary laws of the last century. The diminution of the number of capital punishments is perhaps the most hopeful indication of moral progress.

Not more than twenty five years ago, it was not at all uncommon to hang one hundred criminals in the course of twelve months. From 1805 to 1825 there were one thousand, six hundred and fourteen, executions; from 1825 to 1845, six hundred and twenty six. Of the latter, one hundred and eleven have been hanged in the last ten years—less than the number executed in 1813 alone.

The ameliorating effect of education is shown in a series of tables, and the value of good instruction insisted on as the best preventative of crime. But, as Mr. Porter observes, there must be something beyond the mere ordinary branches of school learning: to render our prisons useless, and shut up our courts of justice. In communities where the great mass of people are left in ignorance, and only a few comparatively instructed, those few will find themselves in a far better position than the mass for obtaining honest employment, and thus will have fewer temptations to withstand. If all were equally instructed, this condition of course could not exist, and then we might be better able to estimate at its true value the moral influence of instruction. Knowing what we know of the quality of education, as it has usually been imparted to the youth of this country, dare we hope that its restraining influence would be so great? It is true we might even then put an end to much of the violence and fraud by which the community is now disgraced.

Merely instructed persons would better calculate the worldly advantages of right and wrong conduct; and who can estimate how much of crime and consequent misery in the world result from miscalculation! But further—is it not certain that an instructed community would be able to apply its energies more beneficially for the whole than is possible where general ignorance prevails? that employments would be more certain and more profitable, and temptations for dishonesty fewer and weaker?

The general spread of intelligence has contributed powerfully to the improvement of manners. The brutal sports and disgusting conversation of former days would not now be tolerated. And although we are far from disguising the evils that yet remain, we cannot but see that education has produced something like general enlightenment. In its farther advances, the population will learn to discriminate between real and imaginary evils, and the authority of fallacies will disappear. Mr. Porter contends that there is no cause for alarm in increase of numbers, and inquires—

'Why then, shall we go forward to double, and again to double, our population, to safety and even to advantage, if instead of rearing millions of human *clods*, whose lives are passed in consuming the scanty supplies which is all that their lack of intelligence enables them to produce, the universal people shall have their minds cultivated to a degree that will enable each to add his proportion to the general store?'

These are sound views, and we gladly assist in giving them diffusion, feeling that they must assist the progressive movement. We commend Mr. Porter's book to all interested in national progress, and who regard our present activity an earnest of better things yet. His official position, enables him to give correct information of the multifarious topics brought under consideration.

## ARRIVAL OF THE STEAM SHIP CAMBRIA.

FOURTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE

By the steamship Cambria we have received advices from Liverpool to the 4th, and London to the 3d instant, inclusive.

The intelligence is highly important.

The commercial advices are of importance. We, therefore, give the public as clear a view as possible of the changes in the prices of breadstuffs, make out as full and as accurate a statement as the telegraphic report will permit, of the prices on the 18th ult., and those on the 3d instant.

Mr. O'Connell died at Genoa on the 15th of May. He has directed his heart to be deposited in Rome and his body to be buried in Ireland. Lord Besborough is succeeded as Lord lieutenant of Ireland by Lord Clarendon.

Dr. Chalmers, the eminent theologian, died on Monday last.



TABLE OF THE PRICES OF BREADSTUFFS AT LIVERPOOL.

	May 18, 1847.	June 3, 1847.
	Per Hibernia.	Per Cambria.
Flour, American .....	47 0 a 49 0	42 0 a 43 0
Wheat, do red.....	13 9 a 14 0	10 6 a 12 6
Wheat, do white..	14 2 a 14 8	— a —
Indian corn.....	63 0 a 66 0	52 0 a 54 0
Indian meal.....	30 0 a 31 0	28 0 a 31 0

**Cotton.**—The tone since the arrival of the last steamer has materially improved. The improvement is, in a great measure, attributable to the greater ease in the money market, so that on the whole the conditions and prospects of the cotton trade present a very encouraging aspect.

The financial prospects are, on the whole, exceedingly animating. The disposition which the Bank of England lately evinced to discount more freely, has become more largely developed, and a greater degree of confidence has been imparted to all branches of trade.

The frost has at last ceased at St Petersburg, and the river Neva became navigable on the 5th ult.

A vessel, which has arrived in London from Calcutta, has brought 50,000 buffalo hams.

The Grand Duke of Oldenburg has forbidden the distillation of spirits from corn and potatoes.

The Danish Government has despatched ships of war to St. Petersburg, in order to bring cargoes of rye to Copenhagen.

The total quantity of cheese imported into the United Kingdom from Europe, during the year 1846, amounted to 249,663 cwt., and the quantity imported from the United States to 91,901 cwt.

Many of the cotton mills of Rouen have ceased working, and it is expected that no fewer than 50,000 workmen in that city and its neighbourhood will be unemployed at the end of this month.

It appears, by a letter from Odessa, that there are in the Russian ports of the Black Sea, stores of grain (for exportation from this time to the month of August) to the amount of 7,380,000 hectolitres, which will require about 1900 vessels to transport.

The house of Roberts, Freeman, & Co. of Manchester, has failed to the amount, it is said, of £50,000 or £60,000. There are four or five houses in Manchester who have claims for £4000 or £5000 each, and the amount owing by the concern in Yorkshire is said to be very large.

Several piratical vessels are reported to have made their appearance in the Archipelago, and on the coast of Greece; and the British authorities in the Ionian islands have consequently ordered two gun boats to be fitted for the purpose of protecting English traders from their depredations.

**Corn Laden Ships in the Mediterranean.**—Accounts from Gibraltar state, that during the 17th, 18th, 20th, and 22d ult., upwards of 800 or 900 vessels, which had been wind bound for some time, had succeeded in passing the Gut. The majority were laden with grain, &c. After passing the Straits they proceeded westward. It is believed that the great majority were bound for Great Britain and Ireland.

**To Extinguish Fire in Ships.**—Mr. John Coward of Islington, suggests that every vessel should carry, at the bottom of her hold, as ballast, a quantity of chalk, with which one or two small metal tubes should communicate. In the event of fire in the vessel's hold, by pouring diluted sulphuric acid through the tubes, such a quantity of carbonic acid and gas would be generated as would effectually put out the flames.

The proceedings in Parliament attract little interest. Every thing now is matter of form. The executive is posting up the Government ledger, to present as clean a balance as possible to the country. Many bills are to be thrown overboard, because, like a ship largely laden, the cargo has become too heavy for her sailing powers. The Irish Poor-law Bill, as it came from the Peers, is to be accepted, with a trifling exception or so. The House of Commons pretty accurately represent life, which is a series of compromises. When we cannot get all we wish, we accept what we can get—for the sake of peace. The session will be wound up as speedily as possible, and Ministers, called unexpectedly to power, will have to wait patiently, and abide the fiat of the "great democracy," before they know whether their official existence is to be extinguished or procrastinated.

The exit of great men is extraordinary. Dr. Chalmers is dead. The light of the Free Church—the learned and impressive divine—the sturdy assertor of ministerial independence—the acute preceptor—the eloquent pulpit orator—the pride, in fact, of the Scottish Church, is no more. He expired as calmly, in Scotland, the other day, as the babe at its mother's breast—as placid, resigned, contentedly. No previous intimation showed that he was heir to nature's infirmity; the hand of disease was not upon him. The brilliant intellect was to have shed its light next day on the General Assembly. He was a great man—great in his power, in his mental supremacy, in his moral grandeur. Foremost amongst one of the most enlightened and best educated nations in the world, Dr. Chalmers was his country's idol—her favourite son. Peace to his memory! He broke through the fetters of self interest in establishing the Free Church, and preferred the dictates of conscience, the sense of manly independence, to the smiles of power or the blandishments of a throne. In his life he was revered—in his death he is deeply, sincerely, affectionately mourned.

In the British Parliament, on the 17th ult., Mr. HUME asked if the Government intended to repeal or reduce the duties on common articles of provisions, as bacon, butter, cheese, &c.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said the duty on bacon had already been abolished, and as to butter and cheese, on which the duties had been reduced, he did not think the price had arisen so as to render any further reduction requisite.

**Colonial and British Spirits.** On the 20th, Mr. MOFFATT moved for leave to bring in a bill to assimilate the warehousing privileges on colonial and British spirits.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER opposed the motion; and the House divided—for the motion 51; against it 56; majority against the bill 5.

Mr. MOFFATT also moved for leave to bring in a bill to permit British spirits to be rectified in bond for exportation; and to permit spirits and compounds to be warehoused for exportation.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, opposed the motion; and the House divided—for the motion, 56; against it, 73; majority against the bill, 7.

**Newfoundland.**—Mr. HAWES obtained leave to bring in a bill to render permanent certain parts of an act of the 5th and 6th Victoria, for amending the constitution of the government of Newfoundland, and to declare that the rest of the said act shall henceforth cease to be in force.

The civil war in Portugal has almost ceased to excite attention, from the folly, the weakness, and the cowardice of the belligerents. We have deemed it necessary to interfere for the protection of our "ancient ally," but such a storm in a tea cup is beneath our notice and our sympathy. In the neighbouring kingdom of Spain nothing has occurred to change the complexion of matters. The Queen and her husband continue in the same state of estrangement; and Europe looks, wondering in amazement what will happen next.

**Death of Mr. Beasley.**—Just before our paper went to press our express from Havre came to hand, by which we regret to find that the American consul at that port, Reuben G. Beasley, Esq., died on the 1st instant. All the American ships at that port had their flags half-mast high during the day.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon, lately died at Florence, from a disease of the spine. His physician at first gave some hopes of recovery, if the prince used the waters of Vernal, in the Pyrenees; but the French Government refused permission for the prince to enter the French territory.

The party of non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Sappers and Miners who are to proceed to Fort York in Hudson's Bay, to be in readiness to proceed in the spring of 1848 in search of Sir John Franklin's party, in case no intelligence of the Arctic voyagers should reach England by that time, will embark on board one of the Hudson's Bay Company's ships at Gravesend, about the 4th of June. A large quantity of stores and provisions is to be sent from Woolwich and Deptford to Gravesend for the use of the new expedition.

**Munitions of War for Portugal.**—The Government have ordered the Geesey, steam-sloop, Commander Brown, to load with as much ammunition and thirty-two pounder shells as she can stow, and to proceed directly to Lisbon. It is said Sir Charles Napier will not proceed to Lisbon until the Bulldog returns with dispatches.

**Madame Anna Bishop.**—We have the pleasure of informing the musical world of America that an artist is about visiting them, who, since the halcyon days of Malibran, has not been equalled, namely, Madame Anna Bishop. The services of this gifted prima donna have been monopolised (for the last two years) by Russia's autocrat, in the Italian Opera of Petersburg. On her return to England she was immediately engaged by Mr. Bunn, and accomplished the successful task of playing a star engagement of fifty nights in the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, with but two operas—"The Maid of Artois," and an English translation of "Linda de Chamouni." In the latter opera she created almost as great a furor as did Malibran in "Somnambula." Madame Bishop's voice is pure soprano *sforzata*. In the Italian States she was the successful competitor of such artistes as Grisi, Persiani, and Castellan; and we prophecy for her as successful a course in the United States.

Death is still making terrible ravages in different parts of Ireland; in the south more especially. The services of the clergy, Protestant as well as Catholic, are in hourly requisition to sustain the sinking people, and transmit their souls to heaven with all the comfort which religion imparts to expiring humanity. In some of the principle towns of the north of England, typhus fever rages with increased virulence. In Liverpool, Leeds, and other places, several of the Catholic clergy have fallen victims to their ministerial duties—caught the fever, and died. The present hot weather, so favorable for ripening the earth's fruits, is unfortunately extending this dire disease; and, it is to be feared, that ere its destructive effects have disappeared, more valuable lives will be sacrificed.

## IRELAND.

**The New Lord Lieutenant.**—His excellency the Earl of Clarendon was sworn in before the Lords Justices and Privy Council on Wednesday. In consequence of the very recent death of the Earl of Besborough, there was no public entry. On arriving at Kingstown his excellency proceeded to the Castle in his private carriage. His excellency will, before the close of the week, return to London for a short time, in order to make arrangements previous to taking up his abode at the castle.

**Funeral of Lord Besborough.**—The remains of the late viceroy were conveyed, on the 31st ult., to their last resting place. The procession was deeply imposing, less from the military pomp than the regret which pervaded hundreds of thousands on beholding the remains of a well-beloved Irish noble transferred to the grave almost in the commencement of his beneficial career.

**State of the Country.**—The accounts from the provinces speak in the most cheering terms as to the prospects of next year's harvest. The papers contain fewer outrages and fewer instances of hideous destitution, than have been spread over them for any week of the last six months. Fever and dysentery are, however, on the increase, and several persons in a respectable sphere of society are announced as having fallen victims to the former disease.

**National Bank of Ireland.**—The annual meeting of the National Bank of Ireland was held on the 26th ult. The report stated that the directors had contributed upwards of £1000 towards relieving the general distress in Ireland. The bank had been prosperous during the past year. In addition to the two half-yearly dividends which were paid for 1846, amounting to £22,500, there remained a surplus of £10,612, which had been carried to the credit of the reserve fund, whereby it was increased to £50,108 15s 3d.

## DEATH OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.

We have this day to record the demise of Daniel O'Connell—the greatest political agitator which the world ever saw. Our readers will be prepared for the event, which has been daily expected for some weeks. This melancholy event took place at Genoa on the 15th ult. Without going into a full detail of all the occurrences connected with the life and death of this great man, we may observe that "Daniel O'Connell was the eldest son of Mr. Morgan O'Connell, of Carhen, and of Catherine, daughter of Mr. John O'Mullane, of Whitechurch, in the County of Cork, and was descended from a respectable and ancient Irish family. He was born on the 6th of August, 1775, at Carhen, about a mile from the present post town of Calriciveen, in the county of Kerry. His childhood and boyhood were chiefly passed in his birthplace, though he paid frequent visits to Derrynane, the seat of his father's eldest brother, Mr. Maurice O'Connell, who, as he was himself childless, adopted his nephews, Daniel and Maurice, and undertook the chief charge of their education."



The following is an account of the last hours of the Liberator, written by Dr. Duff, an English physician, who attended him at Genoa:—

"Some account of the closing scenes of the life of an individual who has filled so remarkable a position in the world as Daniel O'Connell, must prove interesting, and I, therefore, as an English physician, called in to attend him, take leave to lay before you the following statement:—On Monday, May 10th, I saw Mr. O'Connell for the first time, and he was then suffering from profuse and involuntary diarrhoea, with great pain of the abdomen under pressure, strong, rapid pulse, flushed face, &c. Mr. O'Connell had also chronic bronchitis of some years standing. From the remedies employed these symptoms were much ameliorated, and on the morrow he seemed convalescent. But from Mr. O'Connell's great repugnance to swallow even the most simple medicine, this state of improvement could not be followed up. On the evening of Tuesday, the 11th, the new symptom of congestion of the brain presented itself. Active measures were immediately had recourse to, and from them there was a decided improvement. Again the aid of internal remedies was denied, Mr. O'Connell refusing to take any medicine. Towards the evening of Wednesday, the 12th, the symptoms increased; Mr. O'Connell was restless, and sometimes slightly incoherent. Our former measures were again employed, but with slight success. During Thursday all the symptoms increased, with great tendency to sleep, from which, however, he could easily be roused; the breathing was much embarrassed; circulation became difficult, in some degree indistinct, and the mind wandered. Thursday night was passed in a state of profound, heavy sleep, with increased difficulty of breathing; and, in addressing those about him, he imagined himself in London, and spoke to them as if there. On Friday he was much worse, the breathing very laborious, the voice scarcely audible, and the words half formed; all the symptoms had increased. In this state he lingered on till Saturday night, seemingly conscious of the presence of those about him, but neither attempting to move nor speak. My treatment of Mr. O'Connell was always in conjunction with Dr. Beretta, of this place, and a young French physician, who had accompanied him from Lyons, and on the day preceding his demise, we had the advantage of consulting with Dr. Vivani, the eldest practitioner of Genoa, and of high repute. By his advice, and as a last resource, a further application of leeches to the temples was advised, but all was in vain; he expired last night at half-past nine o'clock, p.m., apparently suffering little pain. During the whole time of our attendance on Mr. O'Connell it was with the greatest difficulty he could be induced to take medicine, or even necessary food, and he perseveringly abstained from drink for fully forty hours. Had this been otherwise the period of death might have been procrastinated, but his failing health and spirits, with constant tendency to cerebral congestion, rendered certain his death at no very distant period."

### Miscellaneous Articles.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE CONDOR.

The full-grown condor measures, from the point of the beak to the end of the tail, from four feet ten inches to five feet; and from the tip of one wing to the other from twelve to thirteen feet. This bird feeds chiefly on carrion: it is only when impelled by hunger that he seizes living animals, and even then only the small and defenceless, such as young of sheep, vicuñas, and llamas. He cannot raise great weights with his feet, which, however, he uses to aid the power of his beak. The principal strength of the condor lies in his neck and in his feet; yet he cannot, when flying, carry a weight exceeding eight or ten pounds. All accounts of sheep and calves being carried off by condors are mere exaggerations. This bird passes a great part of the day in sleep, and hovers in quest of prey chiefly in the morning and evening. Whilst soaring at a height beyond the reach of human eyes, the sharp-sighted condor discerns his prey on the level heights beneath him, and darts down upon it with the swiftness of lightning. When a bait is laid, it is curious to observe the number of condors which assemble in a quarter of an hour, in a spot near which not one had been previously visible. These birds possess the senses of sight and smell in a singularly powerful degree. The Indians quote numerous instances of young children having been attacked by condors. That those birds are sometimes extremely fierce is very certain. The following occurrence came within my own knowledge whilst I was in Lima:—I had a condor, which, when he first came into my possession, was very young. To prevent his escape, as soon as he was able to fly, he was fastened by the leg to a chain, to which was attached a piece of iron of about six pounds weight. He had a large court to range in, and he dragged the piece of iron about after him all day. When he was a year and a half old he flew away, with the chain and iron attached to his leg, and perched on the spire of the Church of Santo Tomas, whence he was scared away by the carrion hawks. On alighting in the street, a negro attempted to catch him for the purpose of bringing him home; upon which he seized the poor creature by the ear, and tore it completely off. He then attacked a child in the street (a negro boy of three years old), threw him on the ground, and knocked him on the head so severely with his beak that the child died in consequence of the injuries. I hoped to have brought this bird alive to Europe; but, after being at sea two months on our homeward voyage, he died on board the ship in the latitude of Monte Video.

Von Tschudi's Travels in Peru.

#### REVELATIONS IN RESTAURANTS.

A very learned philosopher once remarked, that whenever one wanted a favor of a man always to ask it after he had eaten a good dinner. Mungo Park said that the wild tribes of Africa were always most loquacious while devouring their food, and we verily believe that talking and eating should go together. The man who sits in a corner all alone, and bolts down his dinner without speaking to any one but the waiter, is a suspicious individual—one who meditates on murders, sickly seasons, falls in cotton, suicides and nightmares. But the jolly gentleman there in the corner, with the red face and sleek brown wig—why it does one's heart good to hear him let the secrets of his soul out over a savory piece of roast beef. And then his tall friend, with the piggyish blue eyes and frizzled hair—how he bends over to catch the sly whisper, and returns the knowing wink with interest.

"Yes," says the jolly gentleman, spreading butter over the half of a spring potato, "it's a fact; Mrs. Jenkins went out with him last Sunday up to Carrollton. The old man, thinking she was at her aunt's, thought he'd take a trip in the cars. Well, he got [some fried tripe, waiter,] there, and found Mrs. J. and the gentleman walking in the garden all alone!"

"Wasn't the old man furious?"

"Furious!—why, he caught his wife by her [tender piece of boiled mutton, waiter,] by her arm, looked daggers at the—[pepper vinegar, if you please]—at the young man, and took her home."

The tall young man nearly chokes with laughter, calls for "some more string beans," and falls to again with the voracity of a cormorant. At the opposite table there are two gentlemen discussing the war. Let's hear what they say, for one being a Cockney and the other an American, we shall have two different shades of opinion.

"Waiter, some of ye'r roast beef—not too rare, mind, and a bottle of brown stout. Yes, sir, as you were saying, war is an awful thing—easy to get in, but werry 'ard to get out."

"Tom, give me some pork and beans. Fact is, Captain, I don't think it so very awful; they forced us into a fight, and we've given 'em particular [carrots and cabbage, waiter,] goss wherever we've met 'em."

"Yes, that last battle of Cerro Gordo was a werry nice affair; but you should have some of our British officers to lead your men. Now, Santa Hanna [waiter, any of that leg o' mutton left?] got away, you know."

"Yes, he got away, but he left his pin behind by way of a legacy to our troops. As for your British 'officers,' we have already taught them that we don't want any [mock turtle soup, waiter,] of their teaching."

Now, a book might be filled with scraps of conversations that take place in the restaurants. There the merchant for the time forgets his counting-room, and instead of thinking what ship is coming in, he thinks what dish he will take next; instead of briefs, the lawyer thinks of bills of fare, and fat clients give place to fat mutton and beef; the minister forgets his flock and the "lost sheep" over a dish of mutton; the image of the chosen one vanishes from the lover's heart whilst he is paying court to a huge plate of ham and cabbage; and, in fact, all the passions and plans of human life are suspended for the moment, by the very vulgar but necessary operation of eating.

N. O. Delta.

**Indian Admiration of Steamers.**—Independently of physical advantages, steam, as I have already mentioned, may be said to exert an almost superstitious influence over the savages, besides acting without intermission on their fears, it has, in a great measure, subdued their very love of robbery and violence. In a word, it has inspired the red man with a new opinion—new not in degree but in kind—of the superiority of his white brother. After the arrival of the emigrants from the Red River, their guide, a Cree of the name of Bras Croche, took a short trip in the *Beaver*. When asked what he thought of her—"Don't ask me,—I cannot speak; my friends will say that I tell lies when I let them know what I have seen. Indians are fools, and know nothing. I can see that the iron machinery makes the ship go, but I cannot see what makes the iron itself go." Bras Croche, though very intelligent, and, like all the Crees, partially civilised, was nevertheless, so full of doubt and wonder, that he would not leave the vessel till he got a certificate to the effect that he had been on board of a ship which needed neither sails nor paddlers. Though not one of his countrymen would understand a word of what was written, yet the most sceptical among them would not dare to question the truth of a story which had a document in its favour. A savage stands nearly as much in awe of paper, pen, and ink, as of steam itself; and, if he once puts his cross to any writing, he has rarely been known to violate the engagement which such writing is supposed to embody or to sanction. To him the very look of black and white is a powerful "medicine."

**A Picture of Egypt, on the Spot, by Miss Martineau.**—One impression has taken me by surprise. I used to wonder (and always did till now) at that stupidity of the Israelites which so angered their leader,—their pining after Egypt, after finding it impossible to live there. It was inconceivable how they could long to go back to a place of such cruel oppression, for the sake of anything it could give. I now wonder no longer, having seen and felt the desert, and knowing the charms of the valley of the Nile. One evening lately, just at sunset, the scene struck upon my heart, impressing it with the sense of beauty. A village was beside an extensive grove of palms, which sprang from out of the thickest and richest clover to the height of eighty feet. Their tops waved gently in the soft breeze which ruffled the surface of a blue pond lying among grassy shores. There were golden lights and sharp shadows among the banks where a stream had lately made its way. The yellow sand-hills of the desert just showed themselves between the stems of the more scattered palms. Within view were some carefully-tilled fields, with strong wheat, lupins, and purple bean blossoms; and some melon and cucumber patches were not far off. Cattle were tethered beside the houses: and on a bank near sat an old woman and a boy and girl, basking in the last rays of the sun with evident enjoyment, though the magical colouring given by Egyptian atmosphere could not be so striking as to English eyes. But what must it have been in the memory of the Israelites, wandering in the desert where there is no colour except at sunrise and sunset, but only glare—parched rocks and choking dust or sand! I will not attempt now, for no one has ever succeeded in such an attempt, to convey any impression of the appalling dreariness of the depths of the desert. I can only say, that when it rose up before me in contrast with that nook of the valley, at sunset, I at last understood the surrender of heart and reason on the part of the Israelites, and could sympathise in their forgetfulness of their past woes in their pining for verdure and streams, for shade and good food, and for a perpetual sight of the adored river, instead of the hateful sands which hemmed them in, whichever way they turned.

**The Pique, or Earth-Flea.**—The pique is a small white insect, which lives in sand, but fastens as a parasite on man and beast, more particularly on swine. It attacks man by penetrating the skin, for the most part under the toe-nails, where an egg is laid, from which a painful tumour is afterwards formed. Should this be neglected, the brood is developed, and penetrates further into the flesh. Then follow violent inflammations and imposthumes, which sometimes assume so serious a character that the amputation of the foot becomes necessary. While the pique is penetrating, there is no sensation of its presence; it is first felt on the development of the egg, and then it is still easy to remove the bag which contains it, and the mother with it. The negroes accomplish this with great dexterity. They make an aperture in the skin by scratching it with a needle, and then they draw the bag out. Should it burst, they take out the egg with a needle; but this is a very delicate operation. I have always been able to do it more speedily and more securely with the lancet. The hole is commonly of the size of a bean, and hot cigar ashes are put into it to destroy any eggs or larvae which may remain. These insects do not always confine themselves to the feet; they sometimes attack the body and the face, and it is in general extremely difficult for the patient to discover how or where he became acquainted with such troublesome companions. I once had six tumours, caused by broods of piques, on my right foot, and I could not trace the annoyance to any other cause than having stopped for a few minutes, while my horse was being saddled, in the corral, or yard of a plantation.—Tschudi's Travels in Peru.



## MUSIC OF FISHES.

Aquatic animals are generally supposed to be destitute of the means of making themselves heard; and if they communicate with each other, it is usually supposed that it must be otherwise than by sound. The seal has, it is believed, a peculiar and distinct cry; and the grampus snorts as it attains the surface. Frogs, and other amphibious animals, croak long and loud enough; but in all these cases the sounds are emitted, not under, but above the water, and by creatures rarely more than half-aquatic. The cetaceous races have warm blood, and suckle their young; and fishes, properly so called, are considered, as we shall presently show, erroneously, a silent race. The long-eared Balaamite is justly reckoned the strangest ass mentioned in history; and a scaly creature emitting sounds may truly be reckoned a very odd fish indeed. A party lately crossing from the promontory in Salsette, called the Neat's Tongue, to near Sewree, were, about sunset, struck by hearing long distinct sounds, like the protracted booming of a distant bell, the dying cadence of an Æolian harp, the note of a pitchpipe or pitchfork, or any other long-drawn-out musical note. It was at first supposed to be music from Parell, floating at intervals on the breeze; then it was perceived to come from all directions almost in equal strength, and to arise from the surface of the water all around the vessel. The boatman at once intimated that the sounds were produced by fish abounding in the muddy creeks and shoals around Bombay and Salsette: they were perfectly well known, and very often heard. Accordingly on inclining the ear towards the surface of the water—or, better still, by placing it close to the planks of the vessel—the notes appeared loud and distinct, and followed each other in constant succession. The boatmen next day produced specimens of the fish—a creature closely resembling in size and shape the fresh-water perch of the north of Europe—and spoke of them as plentiful, and perfectly well known. It is hoped that they may be procured alive, and the means afforded of determining how the musical sounds are produced and emitted, with other particulars of interest supposed new in ichthyology. We shall be glad to receive from our readers any information they can give us in regard to a phenomenon which does not appear to have been heretofore noticed, and which cannot fail to attract the attention of the naturalist. Of the perfect accuracy with which the singular facts above related have been given, no doubt will be entertained, when it is mentioned that the writer was one of a party of five intelligent persons, by all of whom they were most carefully observed, and the impressions of all of whom in regard to them were uniform. It is supposed that the fish are confined to particular localities—shallows, estuaries, and muddy creeks, rarely visited by Europeans; and that this is the reason why hitherto no mention, so far as we know, has been made of the peculiarity in any work on natural history.—*Bombay Times*.

## STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

An hour afterwards, Madame de Montespan expired; and it was ascertained that she bequeathed her body to the tomb of her family, situated at Poitiers, her heart to the convent of La Fleche, and her entrails to the priory of St. Menoux, near Bourbon. When this arrangement became public, a courtier, before whom it was related, exclaimed, with affected surprise, "The entrails of Madame de Montespan! Did she really possess any!" A village surgeon performed the necessary duties, and separated those portions of the remains which were destined to be conveyed elsewhere, from the body; after which, the corpse remained a considerable time at the door of the house, while the canons of the holy chapel and the priests of the parish contended for a point of precedence. The heart, enclosed in a leaden case, was forwarded to La Fleche; and finally the intestines were deposited in a small trunk, and committed to the care of a peasant, who was instructed to convey them to St. Menoux. But, as though the guilty and haughty woman who had just looked her last upon that world which had, throughout her life, been the object of her adoration, was destined to convey a moral to her kind, even beyond the grave, it chanced that the porter, having seated himself midway of his journey to rest, and placed the box beside him, was suddenly seized with a desire to ascertain its contents, which he had no sooner done, than believing that he was merely the jest of some comrade who desired to make merry at his expense, he emptied the trunk into the ditch beside which he sat, and had scarcely done so, when a lad who was herding swine, drove them towards him, and as they grovelled in the mire at the foot of the bank, they came upon the burthen with which he had been entrusted, and, in a few instants, the most filthy animals in the creation had devoured a portion of the remains of one of the haughtiest women who ever trod the earth!—*Miss Pardoe's Louis the Fourteenth*.

**What Justifies Punishment.**—We are not justified in punishing, *only* because the offender *deserves* it, unless we can also show that thereby we probably give protection to society, *either* by reforming him, *or* by deterring others by the example of his punishment from committing a like offence. "He deserves it," must therefore not be urged as *alone* justifying any punishment. Further, we must assume that we are not justified, even for the sake of giving protection to society, in inflicting a punishment *beyond* what the nature of the offence morally deserves. As, for example, we should not be justified in punishing with death the offence of robbing an orchard, although we might be satisfied that, by so doing, we might probably prevent the robbing of orchards in future. Again, even though the offender may morally deserve the punishment, and though the infliction of it may probably tend to protect society from the prevalence of the offence, we are not justified in inflicting it if it appear that society may be equally well protected against the prevalence of the offender at a *cheaper* rate—that is, by the infliction of a less measure of punishment. And, lastly, to justify the punishment, it must be shown, continually, as education advances, and the same ends of protection become attainable at a less expense, that the necessity of the punishment still remains the same. And, in respect of all these, we assume that the duty of justifying the punishment is fairly cast on the party counselling the continuance, as it would on the party counselling the first adoption of it.

Lord Nugent on Crime and its Treatment.

**Lord Dundonald's War Plan.**—We understand that the secret official trial to ascertain the effect of a continuous evolution of intense gas in projecting shells or shot from a tube, resulted, on an average, in throwing twenty-five six-pounder shot to the distance of 7,000 yards. From this data it is clear that balls of greater diameter would far exceed the range of common artillery. Another important advantage is said to accrue—namely, that the continuous rush during their emission would prove much less injurious to vessels projecting such missiles than the shock or recoil of single discharges. We learn that Lord Dundonald's ingredients produce an elastic emission, like that which would be evolved by kindling the end of a hawser or cable formed of hard twisted gun-cotton.—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To our friend at Montreal we would say, that we hope we have fastened the "screw which he thought was somewhere loose," and that we have but a very faint hope of seeing him and the rest of the Montrealers—this summer at least.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 5½ a 6½ per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1847.

We read of an *Industrial Galway Committee* (the very term is almost enough to bring the smile of derision on our face, and to bring the feeling of shame on our hearts,) making an appeal to America for aid to the suffering Irish, who have neither the means to proceed in the cultivation of the earth, or the fishing of their adjacent seas. We know that they have received large assistance already, both from the British subjects at home, from the Imperial Government, and from the liberality of American citizens; we are aware, too, that they have not only had too much need of the benefit they have received, but that even yet their condition is awful and piteous, and that it is impossible to foresee how long and how great that piteous condition may be; but the circumstances are such as have, we believe, never happened to a civilized nation since the beginning of the world; they form a new feature in the history of mankind, and the appeal to which we now allude strikes us as such a system of public beggary as shame and necessity must have fought hard ere it was brought into existence.

Does this Industrial Committee of Galway ever read the public journals? Are they not conscious that much *has been* done, and much is now in serious contemplation to be done for suffering Ireland, by the British Parliament and People, who give their time and their riches like "open-handed charity" itself, and who have already complied with *exactions and demands* from the Irish in aid of their necessities. Do this Committee not already know that the American people have already given very largely on account of this charity, even in the face of an expensive war, and a change (to a commercial people a very serious consideration) of their Custom-house duties, hardly tried in effect, before them. Surely the Committee are acquainted with this, which is told in all its details in every journal every day, and which mingles the sympathy and the dread of Irish arrivals here in every number of each paper. If the Committee know this, they surely are to blame in making further appeals here, unless they have tried its effects on Irish Lords, Landlords, and the Church, and the answer be "no effects," or otherwise "unwillingness to aid their fellow people."

There surely cannot be a visionary prospect there *in futuro* that it is probable either that Ireland will annex itself to the United States, or that the latter will take the former, or any other political change that may bring them into favor: neither can we suppose that in whig ascendancy in this country (which is now anticipated by many) the Irish will come into whig favor. We are therefore at a loss to make out the present appeal, and we have great fears that should it at all succeed, the current of charity will, after all, more surely find its way to the aid of the indigent landlords than to the suffering people. We feel assured that the subject is in good hands, in those of the government at home, and that the present begging, even if so far successful, will not improve their condition so much as it will add to the obligations they will hear of from strangers.

We find the names of some gentlemen of this city, who are about to act in this new kind of benevolence to the Irish. Some of these we have the honor of knowing, and we feel very sure that, so far as the benevolence of their own hearts, the liberality of their feelings, and the constant exertion of their own labors, will carry them, the affair could not be in better hands. If success is in the nature of things, they will succeed, for we venture to assure the public of our conviction, that they will be always actuated by the best and purest of motives; and should their success be equal to their deserts, it will be great indeed. But as we doubt the root, so also we doubt the quantity of peril, and much we fear that disappointment on the last score will attend the exertions of those to whom we allude, to whom good success should be always an attendant.

With pain and sorrow we so frequently read of sickness on the part of Emigrant Passengers; this hearing and perusal gives but too much proof of the suffering at home, which was rather not believed, or was too much affected to be cried down by the English Tories; with great mortification do we perceive that it is proven by the fact that the strangers are deluging the land to which they come with malignant sickness and thousands of paupers. But, we ask ourselves, how do they get here? Do the people force themselves on board the vessels to be brought *free*, or on terms *lower* than before. We are answered to our enquiries, "No, the terms are *higher* than they used to be." Do they get out here, then, in this country, *volens volens* of the authorities, or do they comply with the laws of this land, as Emigrants and Strangers? We hear that securities and commutation are always exacted, and paid by *every* stranger before leaving the ship, and even that the affluent cabin passenger pays a greater sum than he of the steerage. How does this continue? If so, and it is found that the existing regulations do not sufficiently secure the country, why are not more stringent ones quickly made, and as quickly enforced? This puzzles us, and we get quit of some of the mortification which, as a British Alien, we



feel, by coming to the conclusion in our own minds (and which we willingly admit, for it seems to us a remarkable one,) that some of this outcry is not true, but that there is an advantage to this country of not only the additional laborer that has come with it, but also of the many advantages, direct and instantaneous, which are still derived from this particular and carped-at mode of commerce.

### Music and Musical Intelligence.

**Italian Opera at the Park Theatre.**—The opera by Verdi of *I due Foscari*, was performed for the third time by this company, at the Park Theatre on Saturday evening, and to a very tolerable house. We do not understand this, unless it be one proof more that fashion is stronger than taste, and that fashion has willed it that there shall not be a good house on Saturday night. It is true that we do not think very highly of this music; but Verdi is very little known here, and he is at any rate pleasing if he may not be considered very profound, and the charm of novelty can hardly have gone off on the third night. Besides which, the singing of the principals, Rainiere, Perelli, and Vita was a sufficient cause to have filled the house better, and there was a duo announced on the bills to be played by the leader, *Arditi*, and the contre bassist, *Botesina*, both of whom were already known to be very superior artists in their way. Well, the duo took place, and astonishing it was; the artists are excellent, and the effects were absolutely imposing and extatic. But, having done justice, and no more than justice, to the extraordinary playing of these two, let us remove some of the mysticism of this performance.

*Arditi* is a good master of the violin, and he played several both extraordinary and sweet passages thereon; he shewed also the immensity of which the instrument is capable and not only of what it is capable, but what is sometimes required to be produced on this chief instrument of music, consequently all that *Arditi* did was *legitimate*, it belonged to the instrument, and his performance did but the more convince the hearers of what composers may introduce with such an instrument at their command. But the performance of *Botesina* on the Contra Basso, was surprising; no one expected the effects he produced; his harmonies, his tenor playing near the tips of the strings, his sudden and immense distances from the lower notes of the Bass to the upper notes of the Treble quality were absolutely surprising, and hearers could only gaze with their eyes wide open, and listen with their mouths open; and a performance like that which we here attempt to describe is beautiful beyond description, and ought to tell well whenever it is done. But, it is not so difficult as it appears to be; the qualities of tone produced are well known to all musicians; it will never be in any kind of request in composition or in the orchestra, it is contrary to anything required as necessary to the instrument, and many a person who may think proper to practice this sort of thing, may produce it, who, yet, may endeavour, and ineffectually, to play a violoncello part on the same instrument if they try a whole life-time. *Botesina* was true in his stopping, he was fine in the—of harmonies, he bowed strongly and well, and was firm and vigorous in his play. These were the characteristics and the novelty very highly pleased, as indeed it should; but if the performer try this same thing in New York next summer, our life for it, he will find some rivals at the style, and the novelty gone. As for instrumental music in parts, there will never be anything of that kind, written for the Contra Basso, and consequently that part of the performance was a play-thing.

On Monday evening was brought out to an immense audience, to a very crowded house, Pacini's opera of "*Saffo*," in which the charming Signorina Tedesco was the *Saffo*. She is not only charming in song but also in features; if there be a fault about her, it is that of being rather too stout both for her own age and for the intellectual *Saffo*; but to the strength, richness, volume, truth, and compass of her voice, we cannot do justice except by advising all who value those qualities in a vocalist, to go and hear her now that they have a brief opportunity. She does not offend the eyes by appearing to go through a labor, but performs with apparent ease and very sweet grace. Hardly any one needs to know Italian in order to understand her text, for her modulation and the feeling she throws into her action sufficiently tell the matter upon which she is engaged, and the depth of her compass, bordering upon the contralto is rich indeed. But, on the partition there was a contralto in Signorina Marini, who played *Clemence*, who, in the course of the opera, is married to *Faon* (*Perozzi*) and therefore drives poor *Saffo* distracted. To tell the truth, such a singer as the contralto, Marini, is almost enough to drive all but such a soprano as *Tedesco* mad with jealousy; but the beauty of her performance should take off other interest. The quality of Marini's voice is rich *sebrity*, and true, she is a well-taught singer, has good execution and time, and singing in part-music, she is hardly second in interest on the stage. We were very greatly gratified in listening to her. Our well-known Tenor, *Perozzi*, was very well received in the "*Faon*," but he does not seem to have altered from his style which is somewhat too hard for our taste; he wants elasticity much, but is generally perfect in his part. The Basso, or rather Barytone was *Batazini* who sung his part very purely, and was loud enough without being too loud; but the orchestra was too much for the voices. The chorusses were, as they always are in this company, very good; but the composition is really a piece of plagiarism, and we are sorry to find that it is the fashion among modern trashy composers to write introductions instead of overtures to their operas. Perhaps they find the latter too much a task of their skill.

**New Music.**—Published by Wm. Dubois, 315 Broadway.—We just received at the moment of going to press, a *Mazurka* and *Gallop* from the opera of *Ernani*, most tastefully arranged for the piano. It is a short, pleasant and easy piece, which, before long, will be on every piano.

From a Correspondent.

**PARK THEATRE.—Italian Opera.**—The two operas produced this week are *Ernani* and *Saffo*. We had already once an opportunity of speaking of *Ernani*'s merits as a musical composition; we shall not add anything to our previous remarks, except to persist in our opinion that, in spite of the common taste, *I due Foscari* is the best of all Verdi's operas. But we are the first to acknowledge that the cast of *Ernani* is more powerful and effective, on account of Signora Tedesco. This beautiful singer is admirable in her part of *Elvira*, and is most strongly supported by Messrs. Vita, Perelli, and Morelli; indeed such a quartett is very seldom to be met with, unless on some of the best European stages, and we must feel happy to have such a good chance of gratifying ourselves with the strains of these great artists.

On Thursday night, after the performance of *Ernani*, a grand Spanish hymn and chorus was sung by the whole company, in honor of the patron of the Italian Opera, Senor O'Donnell; the music of this *morceau de circonstance* is by Messrs. Botesini and Arditi, these talented and highly gifted brother artists and composers—the words by the impressario Don Villarino.

We have now to offer our humble remarks on *Saffo*. Although this opera has been translated into English and performed in London by Caradori Allan, we declare it is a very poor thing in our judgment. We have noticed but one piece of some musical merit, and this is the septuor final of the 2d act; but we could point out six or seven polkas, galops, &c., included the pretty chorus for female voices, which begins the 2d act. It is easy to see that Pacini has no great science, and not much more melodic genius, although he has written a great many scores, such as *la Fidanziata corsa*, *Boudelmonte*, *Laisetta*, &c. The most part of his choruses are unison, and there is not any real quartetto in the opera of *Saffo*. The two prominent pieces of the score are the duett for contralto and soprano in the 2d act, and the great final scena in the 3d. The duett was encored and most admirably sung by Signora Tedesco and Marini. Signorina Marini has a full and rich contralto voice, and has been very favorably received. In the great aria of Signorina Tedesco we have enjoyed a trillo (shake), which, however, passed unnoticed from the public; it is a real pity, for this is certainly one of the greatest difficulties in the art of singing, and we are not spoiled here by such an exhibition of skill, having not heard a good shake since the departure of Damoreau-Cinti, except by L. de Meyer, but this was on the piano.

We have seen again, after an absence of two years or more, *Perozzi* in the tenor part of *Saffo*. He has not lost much since he left us, but we do not believe he has gained much either. All things considered, it is a very good *doublure*. Signor. Bataglini, the barytone, is far from being equal to Vita, the gem of the company in our opinion; his upper notes are weak, and there is some monotony in his manner. In the 3d act, however, he had some good passages, and we do not doubt that in a more favorable part he could be heard with great advantage. With such a strength as that of the Havana company, we are to enjoy quite a series of new music and old favorite acquaintances.

### The Drama.

**Bowery Theatre.**—Some benefits have of late been taken here, and most deserving persons have had what were really such; particularly Mr. John Sefton the prince of fargeurs, who had nearly the whole comic strength that was available to assist on his night, and he himself played his pet part of *Jemmy Twitcher* in "*The Golden Farmer*." The musical conductor of this house, Mr. Tyte, has also had a benefit, which told very well. In fact, to the credit of the Bowery audience, be it said, they never forsake their places on the night dedicated to an established stock favourite.

**Olympic Theatre.**—Some gloomy evenings are before us, for, presently there will not be a theatre open, at which a great part of a summer evening can be sat out. The Bowery can be filled, but no more; and can even that be borne in summer? Our manager, Mitchell, who, we believe, does not even sleep but with his eyes open, is giving a lesson to the New York folks, that "when the well is dry, the worth of the water is ascertained," else the Olympic might have still been open. There is no Niblo's, and there are thousands who cannot leave the city, and must have their amusement in the evening. Many of these will go to the Billiard-Rooms, Ten Pins, "et id genus omne," when there is no better place of recreation to go to.

### Fine Arts.

The Art-Union Society are at present engaged in sending to the subscribers one of their plates, given to each according to terms. The subject is "Sir Walter Raleigh and his wife taking leave on the morning of his execution," it is engraved in the line manner, by Charles Burt, in a most masterly style, and like engravings done in line, will be under-valued and unappreciated. There will be misjudges who will—even condemn it as a wood-cut,—we have heard of such things—but the fact is, it is well done, and is worthy of a master's hand. The picture is engraved from a painting by Leutze, and this is the one given to the subscribers of last year. The plate is in size about 24 inches by about 18 inches, and is well worthy of a good frame. It should be prized by the Virginians.

"*Love of Approbation.*"—An Irish orator, speaking of an opponent's love of praise, described him so vain in that respect "that he would be content to give up the ghost, if it were but to look up and read the stone-cutter's puff on his grave."



## Cricketers' Chronicle.

We were much gratified last week, whilst giving some report of the annual meeting of the Marylebone club, of this exercise, to find that there only retired in the year from that club 28, and that there was an addition thereto of 71. Now when we recollect that admission is difficult there, and that the members are all of a certain standing of society, or more than ordinary importance, we consider that the practice of cricket is growing more general, and rapidly ascending higher in consideration there. We perceive, also, with pleasure, that the husband of the Queen of Great Britain is now *Patron* of the Marylebone Cricket Club.

We were quite as glad to see a motion of Sir John Bayley carried, and we would call the attention of all cricket clubs to it for consideration, in the hope that something like it, according to circumstances, may be adopted in every club that has the excellence of the exercise in view.

The following is the resolution:—

"That no player shall have leave of absence on more than—practice days, during the season; this indulgence, however, is not to be allowed without the sanction of the committee."

The number of Right Honorables, Honorables, and Baronets with those of gentlemen of distinction who now join cricket, and are not afraid of its knocks, or shrink from its exercise of the physique, is flattering.

We shall be happy to receive, from time to time, accounts of matches played on this continent, as we shall, if possible, have by us a register, henceforth, of these things by way of reference. But the accounts sent us must be post paid, or they will not be taken, and they must not be of practice but of matches.

Match of two parties of the Saint George's Cricket Club, with the help of strangers (invited visitors) which took place on the Saint George's Cricket Ground on Wednesday last, the 15th inst.

The play of this was excellent: it was anticipated to be good, and even better than it turned out, but some of the expected players did not come. At 11:40, A.M., the game was begun, with only ten on each side, of whom Richards and Cuypp were visitors from the New York Club, and Tempest from Brooklyn; but when the first innings on both sides were ended, it was found that Rouse, of St. George's and East of the New York Clubs were upon the ground, and they were added to the second innings, to make up the elevens. The following is the score:—

PARTY A.		PARTY B.	
FIRST INNINGS.	SECOND INNINGS.	FIRST INNINGS.	SECOND INNINGS.
Roberts, b. Cuypp ..... 18	b. Cuypp ..... 0	Cuypp, b. Groom ..... 0	b. Groom ..... 11
Groom, b. Cuypp ..... 0	b. Wright ..... 0	Wright, b. Eyre ..... 4	not out ..... 27
Sother, run out ..... 1	b. Cuypp ..... 0	Green, b. Eyre ..... 0	
Walker, run out ..... 2	run out ..... 0	Wild, run out ..... 0	
Campbell, b. Wright, c. Wright. 0	b. Cuypp, c. Wright ..... 2	Nichols, hit wicket ..... 4	
Eyre, b. Cuypp ..... 3	b. Cuypp ..... 0	Downing, b. Eyre, c. Green ... 2	
Hindhaugh, b. Cuypp ..... 19	b. Cuypp, c. Wright ..... 5	J. F. Shaw, b. Eyre, c. Sother. . 5	
Platt, b. Cuypp ..... 3	b. Cuypp ..... 4	Tempest, not out ..... 4	not out ..... 8
Vinton, not out ..... 1	b. Cuypp ..... 7	Richards, run out ..... 1	
Ashley, b. Cuypp ..... 1	not out ..... 3	Winterbottom, stump'd by Roberts 1	
Rouse, did not play ..... 0	b. Cuypp ..... 0	East, did not play ..... 0	b. Groom ..... 0
Byes ..... 5	Byes ..... 7	Byes ..... 5	Byes ..... 9
No Balls, Wright ..... 1	No Balls, Wright 4, Cuypp 1. 5	Wide Balls, Eyre 1, Groom 2 3	Wide Balls, Rouse 4, Eyre 1 5
Total ..... 54	Total ..... 35	Total ..... 29	Total ..... 61

We may briefly say of the foregoing, that Cuypp's bowling was exceedingly much admired, and it will be seen that it was fatal. The wicket keeping of Green was resolute and firm, yet the first innings seemed to put the party to which these gentlemen belonged in awkward anticipation. On the other hand, the cool batting of Roberts was good, as was also his wicket keeping for his party. We need hardly say that Wright's play was fine, for it always is so. Party B. won the match, with only two wickets down of the second innings; and, if overthrows had been a separate account in the score, a 4 of Roberts' would have had an overthrow of 2, and one in Wright's second innings would have had an overthrow of 1; so that, upon the whole, there was good fielding, but the long stops on each side were very much too far behind the wicket keepers; if there had been resolute batsmen to make runs for byes, many more byes would have been made.

## Literary Notices.

*Josephus Illustrated.*—Harper & Brothers publish a new and beautifully embellished edition of this world-renowned historian of the ancient Jews. Besides containing a series of new and rare Pictorial illustrations, this edition includes a new and greatly improved translation, divested of the verbosity and crudities of the old version. Dr. Traill, the Editor, has been many years de-

voted to this arduous task, and the best critics affirm that he has achieved his labor with singular success. The Harpers have re-produced this truly valuable work in excellent style, and at a price at once rendering it universally accessible; there can be no doubt, therefore, that the work will prove the most popular of the serial publications of the day. Every family should subscribe for the work, as well as every professional and theological student, and, indeed, it ought to find its way to every private library.

*The Inheritance.*—By Miss Ferrier.—New York: Harpers.—We last week had much pleasure in noticing a work of fiction called "Marriage," by this authoress, and for which she was much commended by Sir Walter Scott. This work has been written subsequently, and she has gone upon the old Scottish proverb, "Ca' me, and ca' thee," for she has made one of her characters in this novel very intent on the Guy Mannering. But she has not made it answer any purpose, and she had better have left that part out. Her plot also is that of a foisted heir, instead of a real one, which is both old and thread-bare, but the descriptions and actions of characters in this story are very well indeed, and they are sufficient to redeem all other faults; she has also brought about the dramatic reward of the foisted but innocent heiress, as a reward for her sufferings, very neatly.

*Magnetism and Clairvoyance Explained.*—By James Victor Wilson: Burgess & Co.—The author of this pamphlet professes not only to explain but also to apply and cultivate the art. We have not yet been able to consider the pamphlet as it probably deserves, but shall do so at an early opportunity. By certain marks in the copy before us, we suspect the author believes himself strong in his position.

*Godley's Lady's Book for July, 1847.*—This, as the series always is, is an elegant number. It contains two plates on one subject, two wood cuts of fashions, and one piece of music, besides very good letter-press.

*Fletcher's Illustrated Bible.* No. 48: New York: Virtue.—This work now gets on apace, and by no means falls off in the qualities of the publication.

*Consumption Curable.*—By J. S. Rose, M. D.—New York: Graham.—That this belief by some, has been strongly contested by others, of some authority in medicine, is very true; but it is always well to know something of both sides in so important a question. This author is somewhat warm in the style of the pamphlet before us, for he is answering Dr. Jas. Johnson and others, who take the contrary side of the argument. But Dr. Rose is an enthusiast in his belief herein, and we like a person who stands up strongly in his opinion.

*Fascination, or the Philosophy of Charming.*—By John B. Newman, M. D. New York: Fowlers & Wells.—This is a singular and a very fascinating book. We perceive that the author takes many things in earnest that we read of as mystical, imaginative, poetical, or hyperbolic, but he seems to have read extensively, and is somewhat enthusiastic in his belief. This book is very pleasant reading, but we do not quite subscribe to the writer's notions.

## THE YOUNGER PITT.

Making all reasonable allowance for the pains taken by his father, there was a marvellous precocity in his mind and character, and a sustained strength in his abilities, which placed him above the ordinary great men of the political world. The individuality of his intellect was most visible in his masterly power of abstraction, and his intuitive perception of logical relations. With his singular art of generalising, and his capacity for severe thinking, his genius might have signalled itself in speculative science, if instead of being devoted to politics, his "large general powers" had been "accidentally determined in that direction." In addition to the mental requisites, he was amply endowed with the physical qualifications for oratorical success. His voice, unequalled for its fullness of tone, was the finest ever heard in parliament. His figure, though slender, was tall; his aspect, forbidding and severe; his action dignified, though not graceful; his deportment, arrogant and lofty. His physiognomy had little expression save the calmness of one who felt his power, and rarely betrayed emotion beyond occasional displeasure with his followers, or withering contempt for his opponents. But his forehead was large and capacious, and gave dignity to his otherwise plain features. As he stood before his audience, there was a total absence of nervous haste; he appeared, even in the most trying crisis, certain of success. Never abandoned to enthusiasm—never diverging from the question, he poured forth a torrent of language. If his argument was neither original or profound, it was artful, consecutive, and clear; and if his sentiments rarely approached sublimity, they were always embodied in a specious and alluring diction. As a mere speaker, he was certainly a prodigy. His talent for giving powerful utterance with a splendid style to vague generalities, so skillfully arranged as to produce irresistible effect on the audience, was truly surprising, from the perfect readiness with which he used his art. Voltaire said of the metaphysician Samuel Clarke, that he was a reasoning machine; Pitt, in the same fashion, might have been termed an engine of eloquence. But even at the earliest period of his life, he was a greater thing than a great orator—he was a great man. Inflexible and self-reliant, he had that power of effecting others, without stooping to their sympathies, which always indicates one born to command. The strength of his mind was even more remarkable than the symmetry of his faculties, "rare in their separate excellence, wonderful in their special combination." Bold, prompt, and decisive, there was nothing vague or wavering in his nature. He possessed at once the discretion which preserves a man from making difficulties, and the energy of spirit which enables him to surmount them, when coming from without. Inaccessible to the approach of all ignoble passions—constantly devoted to vast objects, without the follies and vices of his contemporaries—lofty—distant—solitary—he had many admirers, without seeking for them, and a few friends, whom he carefully selected. Ambitious of power—not covetous of office—despising money—to rank indifferent— austere in his tastes, his character, far from fascinating, was certainly august. "For personal purity, disinterestedness, integrity, and a love of his country, I have never known his equal," was the testimony of a discerning and faith-worthy witness—Wilberforce.—Without any vanity, he had excessive pride. But free from ostentation, he despised the showy splendour which captivates the vulgar great. He was never dazzled, unless by the brilliancy of his rivals—Burke and Fox; for, spurning



at mediocrity, he disdained to notice the second-rate, whether in men or things.—*Age of Pitt and Fox.*

**Statues to Columbus.**—Some Genoese citizens have conceived, and petitioned from the king of Sardinia the approbation of, a monument to Columbus, to be erected in the delightful promenade, called Acquasola, and executed gratuitously by Gaggini and other Genoese artists. A similar monument, principally the work of Bartolini and Pampaloni, is about to be erected at the Acquaverde, also in the native city of the immortal navigator.

**A Tart Reply.**—When Lord Ellenborough was Lord Chief Justice, a labouring bricklayer was once brought into court as a witness. When he came up to be sworn, his lordship said to him, "Really, witness when you have to appear before the court, it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance." "Upon my life," said the witness, "if your lordship comes to that, I'm thinking I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship." "How do you mean, sir?" said his lordship angrily. "Why, faith," said the labourer, "you come here in your work clothes, and I'm come in mine."

**Rise in the Soil of Egypt.**—During the course of the cadastral operations lately ordered by Mehemet Ali, it was shown that the soil of Egypt is rising each year very perceptibly, in consequence of the continued deposit left by the Nile. This elevation is calculated at thirty feet during the last century for the provinces adjoining the river.—*Galignani.*

### BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

#### A VEGETABLE AND UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

These Pills cure all diseases by purifying the Blood. They give to all the organs of the body the proper amount of life necessary to their purification. They are a FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH TO ALL MANKIND, and may be justly said to give the beauty and vigour of youth to the weakness and decrepitude of age. Can it be believed that after being before the public for ninety-one years, their sale should only now be a little rising a million of boxes per year? But so it is, and it is only to be attributed to fatal prejudice, or their sale would be at least twenty millions of boxes per year instead of only one million. Let all the sick use them—they will soon be among the healthy; let all who would secure themselves from sickness have them by them, in case of a sudden attack; for a few doses taken when the body commences to get out of order, and the benefit is secured at once. Fathers and mothers, attend to this subject; sons and daughters, attend to this subject; let all men and women ask themselves the question, whether what has stood the test of time so long does not deserve some attention.

And who is to be benefitted? Those who use the Brandreth Pills. They are the ones that receive the interest of a thousand per cent. How? In a present payment of health, of vivacity for dullness, of brightness and clearness of perception, in place of cloudiness and confusion of mind.

Brandreth's Pills are a life preserver. Those who know their qualities feel secure in their health and faculties being preserved to them to an indefinite period. They are equally good in all kinds of disease, no matter how called, because they cannot be used without taking out impurities from the blood, and perseverance will cause its perfect purification, and no disease can be present when the blood is pure.

#### MR. CYRUS DURAND'S LETTER.

Clintonville, New Jersey, 4th April, 1847.

Dear Sir: I have for years been subject to a sour stomach and much flatulence, especially after eating ever so light a repast. These and other symptoms of a dyspeptic nature have given me much trouble, making me occasionally very sick; in fact I for years scarcely ever was really well, and I often thought I should never have precious health again.

In this condition I commenced using your Pills, and after only a few weeks' use of them freely, I found myself much improved. I then took one pill a day for ten days, and they perfectly restored me. It is four months now since, and I have enjoyed the best possible health, having no return of acidity of stomach, or any other dyspeptic symptom whatever.—I remain, dear sir, truly yours,

B. Brandreth, M. D.

Sold for 25 cents per box, with full directions, at Dr. BRANDRETH'S Principal office, 241 Broadway; also, at his retail offices, 374 Bowery and 241 Hudson street, New York; and by one agent in every city, town and village, in the United States and Canada, each of whom has a certificate of agency from Dr. Brandreth. Observe it.

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#### FIRST PREMIUM BOOT MAKER,

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NEW YORK.

#### CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

**THE CANADA HOUSE.**—The subscriber, in expressing his obligation for the very liberal patronage he received during the preceding summer, begs to inform the Public that "THE CANADA HOUSE" is again OPENED by him, for the reception of Visitors; and he most respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage. He assures them that he will spare no pains to add to their comfort, health, and recreation.

Since the close of the last season, the house and grounds have undergone many important alterations and improvements, which, it is hoped, will add to the comfort and convenience of Visitors. The Dining-room has been considerably enlarged, and the Bar removed from the house.

The Subscriber is happy to state that MISS MURRAY, whose attention to visitors is so well known, will still remain at the Springs.

The Caledonia Springs present the great advantage of a variety of Medicinal Waters, acknowledged by the most eminent of the Faculty to be, each of their kind, unrivalled in their efficacy for the cure of diseases, and invigorating qualities.

The Salt and Sulphur Baths are in full operation, from the use of which the most extraordinary benefits have been derived.

The Stages will leave Montreal every Morning, (Sundays excepted) and arrive at the Springs in the Evening.

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By the Month	25 0 0
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H. CLIFTON.

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May 15th.-1f.

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April.

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**ARTIFICIAL EYES** inserted that cannot be distinguished from the natural Eye. Specacles adapted to any defect.

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### THE EXERCISE OF CRICKET.

#### THE MANUAL OF CRICKET.

COMPRISING the Laws of the Game, some account of its history, and of the progressive Improvements made therein, Directions and Instructions in the Practice and Play of the manly and athletic Exercise, and suggestions as to Variations and Applications of it, so as to afford satisfactory recreation to small numbers of players. The whole being intended as a complete Cricketer's Guide. With numerous Illustrations, Embellishments, and diagrams. By Alex. D. Paterson.

By way of appendix to this work, there will be added the body and everything important of "Felix on the Bat."

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THE Subscriber is constantly receiving fresh supplies of every description of the above well known popular Pens. A large stock is constantly kept on hand, consisting of patent, Ma'am Bonum, Damascus and double Damascus barrel Pen; Principally, each extra fine, fine and medium points; Calligraphic, (Illustrated cards). Peruvian, New York Fountain, Ladies' Patent Prince Albert, Queen's Own, Barometal, Victoria, and School Pens, on cards and in boxes of one gross each. Together with an excellent article for School use, the Collegiate Pen and the Croton Pen, (on illustrated cards and in boxes,) which possesses strength, elasticity, and fineness of point, admirably suited to light and rapid hands. Very cheap Pens in boxes; holders of every description; all of which are offered at low rates, and the attention of purchasers are solicited, by

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May 1-1f.

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*Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Ascites or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.*

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the *Sarsaparilla* Root, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contain all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substances; hence the superiority of these preparations—and so invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The *Sarsaparilla* can be diluted when taken agreeable to the directions, and made to suit the taste of the patient. The following certificate is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits.

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Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: Exposed as we are to the attacks of disease, and so frequently disappointed in proposed remedies, we cannot but look upon the efforts of successful practitioners with interest and gratitude. This is true respecting your valuable preparation of *Sarsaparilla*. I have been severely afflicted for 33 years with a disease, about which "Doctors disagreed," and their prescriptions were still more diverse. I tried various remedies but found no relief until I commenced using your excellent medicine, at which time I was wholly confined to my bed. After using it a few months, I now am enabled to walk about, ride out, and enjoy a comfortable degree of health, which I attribute entirely to the use of Sands' *Sarsaparilla*. Please accept my assurance of gratitude and regard.

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Being personally acquainted with the above statements, I hereby certify that the same are true.

REV. T. M. MERRIMAN.

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Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your *Sarsaparilla* I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the *Sarsaparilla*, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,

WM. GALUSHA.

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#### THE TRUSTEES OF THE NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY

Would direct the attention of the public to the following brief account of the present condition of this institution, and of the effort now making to increase its importance and usefulness.

The institution is now, in every respect, prosperous. It is free from financial embarrassment; its real estate, independent of its books, far exceeds in value the amount of its obligations; and its income provides for its current expenses, and for considerable annual additions to the Library. It has recently erected a noble library edifice in a central situation, on the principal street of the city; spacious enough for a library of more than a hundred thousand volumes. Its present library numbers forty thousand, generally well-selected volumes (many of which are rare and costly); it may therefore be said to have laid the foundation for a library of the first class, and such the trustees are determined to make it, if the public will foster it as the importance of the object deserves.

Attached to the library is a convenient and commodious reading room, well supplied with the home and foreign journals and newspapers, which offers every accommodation, both for quiet reading and a rapid glance at the news of the day. One of the objects now in view is to transfer this department of the library to the first floor of the building, to render it more accessible to persons whose time is limited, and to extend the library proper over the whole of the second floor.

The institution is not, as many have supposed, an exclusive one. Any person of fair character may become a member of it on application to the librarian, and enjoy its privileges by paying twenty-five dollars, the price of a share, and an annual assessment of six dollars; the latter may be commuted at any time by the payment of seventy-five dollars.

This is the condition and character of the institution, in whose benefit the public are now invited to participate, and for whose advancement their co-operation is solicited. It is hoped that every friend to the moral and intellectual improvement of our city, every parent who would furnish various and valuable reading to his children, every one who seeks an occasional retreat from the toils and tumults of business, in a word, every one who knows the value of a great library in a great metropolis, and is not now a member of this institution, will immediately become one, and that those who are already members of it will lend their active and efficient aid in raising it to the rank which the trustees are now aiming to give it. If this is done, the trustees pledge themselves to the public that nothing shall be wanting on their part to carry out this great object, and enable the institution to attain a character and present an aspect of extent and importance that will make it the boast and honor of the commercial metropolis of the Union.

Feb. 13-4f.

#### NATIONAL LOAN FUND.

##### LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON.

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J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent  
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New York, 8th Jan. 1847.

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Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
SHERIDAN,	F. A. Depeyster,	Sept. 26th	Nov. 11.
GARRICK,	B. I. H. Triak,	Oct. 26.	Dec. 11.
ROSCIOUS,	Asa Eldridge,	Nov. 26.	Jan. 11.
SIDDONS,	E. B. Cobb,	Dec. 26.	Feb. 11.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage apply to

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Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 1-2 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of the Liverpool Packets, viz.—the ROSCIOUS, SIDDONS, SHERIDAN and GARRICK. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My 24-4f.

#### NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

**SAILING** from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Waterloo,	W. H. Allen,	Mar. 11, July 11, Nov. 11.	Ap. 26, Aug. 26, Dec. 26.
John R. Skiddy,	James C. Luce,	Ap. 11, Aug. 11, Dec. 11.	May 26, Sept. 26, Jan. 26.
Stephen Whittey,	C. W. Popham,	May 11, Sept. 11, Jan. 11.	June 26, Oct. 26, Feb. 26.
Virginian,	F. P. Allen,	June 11, Oct. 11, Feb. 11.	July 26, Nov. 26, Mar. 26.

These ships are of the first class, their accommodations being unsurpassed for room, elegance, and convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of Passengers and the interests of Importers.

The Captains or Owners will not be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages, sent by them, unless Regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to Jan. 30-ly. ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

#### NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

**SAILING** from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Hartlestone,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	Apr. 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Extra Nye,	Apr. 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to My 31-4f. GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

#### LONDON LINE PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st 10th, and 20th of every Month.

**THIS LINE OF PACKETS** will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from LONDON on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz.:

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1.	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10.	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.
Gladstone,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	10, 10, 10.	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10.	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1.
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sehor,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.
Westminster,	Hovey,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains or Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

#### OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

**THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS** for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16, 16.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.
Monteruma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.	16, 16, 16.
Fidella, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	16, 16, 16.
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16.	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.	16, 16, 16.
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16.	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply

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